

THE
C O U R T
O F
C U P I D.

*Primus Amor Phœbi Daphne Peneia; quem non
Fors ignara dedit, sed sæva CUPIDINIS ira.
Hoc Deus in Nympha Peneide fixit: ———*

OVID.

Peneian Daphne Phœbus' first chaste love,
Who did not Fate, but Cupid's anger move:
The senior, junior, purblind, winged Imp,
His jav'lin deeply fix'd, within the buxom Nymph.

By the AUTHOR of the MERETRICIAD.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

Printed for C. MORAN, in Tavistock Row,
Covent Garden.

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T O
V. E N U S.

VENUS, 'twas thou inspir'd'st my
 strains,
Sent love full gallop through my veins :
'Twas thou my Verses first didst speed ;
And fill'd them with Lucretian seed ;
That seed prolific I proclaim,
That rais'd LUCRETIVS' Roman name
To glorious, and immortal Fame. }

O! Venus hear your darling Son,
Smile, or your gallant Boy's undone !
Unless you aid,—he sinks in shame,
Who only rose to raise your fame.

ii DEDICATION.

'Tis thou O! Goddess that inspires,
All Nature through with fond desires;
'Tis thou that warms the Dove to coo,
And stirs the sturdy Bull to woo;
'Tis thou that stimulates the Wren,
And whips the Cock upon the Hen;
'Tis thou that makes the boar to sigh,
To grunt, and court within the Sty.
To quit the straw, or leave the wood,
And raise his passion in the mud;
'Tis thou provok'st the lazy pig,
To frisk in the venereal jig:
'Tis thou that mak'st the Stallion snort,
And gives him vigour for the sport:
Nature, without thine aid wou'd rust,
Thou spur'st them all to love, to lust.
'Tis thou O! Goddess warms each part,
And trills about the virgin heart:
'Twas you sent PARIS once Pell-Mell in,
'To *Menelaus*' lovely HELEN.
'Twas you kick'd up the *Trojan* dust,
And got Miss *Bab Briseis* bust:

'Twas

D E D I C A T I O N. iii

'Twas you that form'd th' Egyptian jade
Cleopatra, for the frisking trade;
'Twas you that made poor Tony spend,
Unto a loving fatal end;
And made the wanton Gypsy grasp
The pois'nous, slipp'ry, wriggling asp.
'Twas you that made *Lucretia* lewd,
And at the same time made her prude;
'Twas you which made the happy hit,
To whip her slave upon the spit;
She'd no objections to the prince,
That her enjoyment must convince;
But when found out, she went a Barking
Unto her Spouse against young *Tarquin*:
Let you alone dear gentle *Venus*,
You always can reveal or screen us.

With us indeed you have been civil,
And with the great have play'd the
Devil:

'Twas you turn'd Lady Sarah's head,
And put Lord William in her bed:

Cupid

iv DEDICATION.

Cupid and you your flames still waft on,
And burnt young O—y up for G*.
Passion and lust puft up the gale,
And kindled Kitty H.'s tail:
Then quick again as brimstone match,
My Lady B* did catch:
No Engines cou'd prevent or hinder;
V*t too she took like tinder:
Nothing in short could burn so quick,
Out of the Kingdoms of old Nick:
No Thames-street fire had half the merit,
Tho' made of sugar, oil, and spirit,
Nor did they blaze or make such flames,
As burnt in these unquenched Dames,
However VENUS keep it up,
Still reign the toast of BACCHUS' cup!
To Love, pray smoothe the Turnpike road,
Let kissing still remain the mode;
In me provoke the Darling passion,
And flirting ever keep in fashion:
'Tis what you like, 'tis what we love,
We're taught to rev'rence folks above:

It

DEDICATION. ▼

It is a homage I shall pay,
To your sweet Daughters ev'ry day;
And when I'm past all worship here,
Transport me to your heavenly sphere,
With seeing you, O! make me blest,
Lull me upon your velvet breast;
No earthly Babby e'er shall tipple,
As I will VENUS of your nipple:
And if such sucking won't create,
And fit me for th' Elysian state;
Let me drink nectar, still be jolly,
And spend Eternity with Polly.

THE

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Garden.*

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The SOLDIER—A SATIRE.

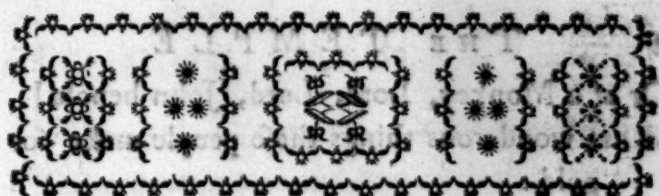
TRINCULO'S TRIP TO THE JUBILEE, 2d Edit.

The Works of Mr. OLDHAM, in 3 Vols. with
Notes by Mr. THOMPSON, inscribed to the
Hon. COMMODORE AUGUSTUS HERVEY.

Speedily will be Published,

By the AUTHOR of the MERETRICIAD,

W O M A N, A P O E M.



THE
T E M P L E
O F
V E N U S.
P A R T II.

Under how hard a fate are WOMEN born,
Prais'd to their ruin or expos'd. to scorn.
If they want Beauty, they of love despair,
And are besieged like frontier Towns if fair.

HAVE you not seen an awkward Country
Clown,
Grin at the Wax-work, and the signs in Town?
With Sister *Mall*, a buxom rosy lass,
Who came forsooth to see the Queen's fine Ass:
Or gape an hour, at finding out the Black
At Temple-Bar, that grins, and winds a Jack:
VOL. II. B Or

Or at a Monkey, Lord, Lord, John behold!
 What wonderous things these people make for
 gold :

Next See St Paul's, Guildhall, the Bridge, and
 Tower,

And wait till Gog and Magog dine at four :
 The Meuse, Tall Woman, Palace, Charing
 Crofs,

And the Life-guards-man stuck upon his horse :
 But last the Abbey, where a gabling Cull,
 Relates what air puffs in his empty skull ;
 He praises ev'ry Bust, and ev'ry grave,
 As Milton learned, and as Marlborough brave ;
 Thus gold to every Blockhead rears a bust,
 Where *Fame* should crown, the Wise, the Brave,
 and Just.

Thus fill'd with wonder to their farm repair,
 Make Father, Mother, and the Children stare,
 How that they saw the King, nay heard him
 speak,

And wou'd have din'd *wi'em* but 'twas washing
 week ;

Thus did I gaze in Love's Pantheon lost,
 Or Fools in London at a *Cock-Lane Ghost*.

Four faces had the Fane of different dates,
To each were five and twenty brazen gates,
Open to both the poor, and regal call,
For love is general, and receiv'd at all.
Here amorous Sons, who fell at Beauty's shrine,
Here female Honour, truly drawn divine :
Here mighty Chiefs who fought in Virtue's cause,
Here Beauties blush, that follies were their foes :
Here horrid lusts sit trembling o'er their rapes,
Here injur'd Virgins wear angelic shapes :
Here *wanton* age stoops ridicul'd in brass,
While Impotency points — the lovely Lads :
Here Monks recluse on living pass-times frown,
And Nuns half dare to *meditate* in stone.

Soft breathe the flutes — the massy doors unfold,
Stupendous vault ! the roof of fretted gold,
Rais'd on an orient granite collonade,
Where foliage twin'd, and naked Cupids play'd ;
Two lovely forms the spacious entrance grace,
And each a beauty of Idalian race ;
High above all, and exquisitely done,
Appear'd th' amours of Venus, and her son :

From th' Ocean rising to cœlestial bliss,
 And as she rose the waters clung to kiss,
 What she with wining female coyness try'd
 To vail, what none wou'd ever wish to hide.

There on a cloud, with every beauty grac'd
 She loll'd, and with her gay Adonis plac'd
 In a soft attitude of love, and joy,
 And fine the contrast of the nut-brown Boy :
 Their arms, and legs irregularly twine,
 Their looks declaring more than joys divine.

The next the warmest conflict of her wars :
 Where the dear Creature conquers sturdy Mars,
 The dull procurefs snoring fast asleep,
 The Blacksmith calls the Gods to have a peep ;
 Poor Venus blush'd, who wou'dn't at the shock ?
 Catch'd with a Man, and she without a smock.

Will not our times as plain a case afford,
 A Goddeſs married to a vulgar Lord :
 What would you have the pretty creature do ?
 When married A*n to a fiſh like you :
 Can you, if nothing's good at home, my Lord,
 Blame a wife wife, who gets it cheap abroad ?

Ladies

Ladies suppose you're guilty of the crime?
 (I love the Fair, as Poets love their rhyme)
 In spite of all the panders you procure,
 Some will surprise in the most secret hour:
 Night, and a Bagnio may conceal a while,
 But time, and day at last will tell the guile.
 David, that *chaste* good man in days of yore
 Uriah slew, and made his wife a whore:
 Heav'n saw the damn'd adul'try he had done,
 And made the crime as public as the Sun.

A living wou'd not save a Parson's life,
 When a lewd Lord * debauch'd a dear lov'd wife;
 A broken heart destroy'd the holy man,
 He lives a knave, and she an Harridan.

What dire effects from regal secrets rise,
 See Scarborough † curses God, and madly dies!
 He told to Love, what woman could not hold,
 So man's betray'd thro' vanity, or gold;
 But what could prompt that Dutchess to relate
 A thing, which kill'd her friend, and hurt the
 state?

* Lord H—n.

† A remarkable occurrence in the reign of George II.

The Fair must own, and men with pity grieve,
 The *Salique* maxim, " Woman's but a sieve."
 'Tis plain they kill, " But yet I can't define",
 How it's as easy as they use carmine ?
 'Tis hell, 'tis horror, it is all that's bad,
 And no excuse if all the sex are mad.
 God made a Devil, and portray'd it Fair,
 Then call'd it Woman to encrease our care.

Who would believe this after years of love,
 As loving, cooing as a turtle Dove :
 Nought was so good, so constant to his bed,
 But when he broke his leg, it turn'd her head ;
 She could not bear to nurse, so stretch'd her
 scope,
 And tugging broke the matrimonial rope :
 Pick'd Paddy up, well clad in all but cloaths,
 Who beat her husband's goodness, by the nose :
 But it's the mode, for Ladies to elope,
 From pretty Kitty, down to madam P*.
 Yet if a husband's either lame, or brown,
 Are you to kiss with all the Fops in Town ?
 Oh ! Virtue come, thou jewel of the Fair,
 'Tis Virtue only makes a happy pair ;
 A handsome Woman is a joy, agreed,
 A virtuous Woman is a bliss indeed.

On

On either hand a thousand forms appear'd,
To Virtue, Beauty, Lust and Folly rear'd ;
Here old amours thought buried with their slaves,
Rise true from noble, or ignoble graves :
High above all the fatal youth I view'd,
Who every female, not himself subdu'd ;
Th' unhappy Umpire of a tender cause,
Founder of Grecian, and the Trojan woes :
Whom Venus lov'd, altho' he ruin'd Troy,
And for adult'ry canoniz'd the Boy *.
Such were the favours of the Cyprian Fair,
And now the mode of *pure* St. James's air :
Or why should wanton C—h rise in fame,
A maid of honour dub'd for deeds of shame ?
Or why applaud his Grace's virtuous life ;
Because his *goodness* keeps another's wife :
Blush grandeur blush ! at such adult'rous deeds,
And act the god-like part when Virtue bleeds.
Not rear to Infamy the marble Bust,
Or with libations quench the Harlot's Lust :
Blush grandeur blush ! on your incestuous beds,
Ye wicked *Stars* hide your diminish'd heads !

Paris.

B 4

How

How droll was miss Europa in her cull,
O! what a Gothic taste! a God, a Bull:
Between her thighs the Beast declares his pride,
And she in rapture hugs his hairy side:
Thus rav'd a Brother, when a noble Lord
A Hunter stole, and gallop'd her abroad:
The best bred Filly ever prest a course,
Steel to the bottom, run against a-horse:
No man knows better how to break, or bit,
And seven to two, he *backs* the pretty Tit:
O! damme, bottom, bottom Boy indeed,
He knows a Wag, to cross, or mend a Breed:
Pray in a *Pembrook* have you seen her ride,
Champing the bit in all Equestrian pride:
A sweeter creature never wagg'd a tail,
And push her starting—hang me if she fail.
If e'er my Lord should sell the little Mare,
I'll try for Pegasus to get an heir.
His Grace, or Shaftow, gallop, walk, or trot 'em,
We have it hollow, Boy, the Filly's bottom.
Would not an Heiress in these *'lopeing* days,
Straddle an Ox if she could get no chaise?
Rather than sigh away nights, days, and morns,
They'll ride the Bull, or hang upon his horns:
What won't the Girl do full of flesh and blood,
To have the thing she doats on; bad or good?
Where

Where lies the diff'rence between KITTY's cull,
 And fair EUROPA and her milking Bull?
 I'll tell you friend ;—but then, 'tis inter nos,
 One, took O'KELLY—t'other SAMPSON Bos.

Here gathering flowers stood sweet Sicilia's
 Mifs,
 Herself the sweetest, pluck'd by gloomy Dis * ;
 So Fanny fell, whose charms e'en worlds adore,
 Surpassing art, and all the Flowers she bore :
 I wish the Angel had not such a rod,
 A man so very like the grimy god :
 Pluto one day may ease her of her load,
 And Angels place her in a calm abode.

SEMELE next receives the Thunderer's fires,
 And in extatic joys beneath expires :
 The times are chang'd—the Men may try
 their skill,
 But Women now, are plaguery hard to kill :
 Men have expir'd in the connubial deed,
 But, Puppy like, the Ladies suck and feed.

Next sigh'd Narcissus to himself a slave ;
 And pretty Echo pining in a Cave.

* Pluto ravish'd Proserpine in the Garden of Enna.

God

God knows we've plenty figh, and plenty pine,
 From hoary ninety, down to verdant nine ;
 See dear Sir Jeffy for himself expires,
 And prettier Biddy faints with *strange* desires ;
 There old Sir Fumble toys a long, long hour,
 And Betty swears—it's out of woman's power ;
 These things are common in this dirty Town,
 From Mother Goadbey up to Mrs. Brown.
 Scandal with all's a very favourite dish,
 From Maid's of honour, up to Charlottee Fish ;
 On such a trifle, why should much be said ?
 " She only took a Gentleman to bed ;"
 And every day the Quality do more,
 Making her tender *one* a Baker's score :
 Few Echos pine, they hardly wait to hope,
 For if Pappa denies—" Egad elope ;"
 It's in the City now so plain a truth,
 You'll hardly see a Footman that's a youth,
 Many not quite so nice the Coachmen take,
 Smack of the whip they love for *driving* sake :
 Scotland, and Scots are all poor England's care,
 Her Men they trammel, and debauch her Fair :
 But how could Ovid tell such monstrous lies,
 How a stout youth rejected Echo's sighs !
 Such silly stuff might do in times of yore,
 But baulk a City Miss—" She turns a whore :"
Not-

Nothing persuades me that the Tale is right,
 But still the Huzzy holds her sex's spite :
 Say what you will, and let the Gypsy hear,
 She tells it far and near, like Miss Poitier.

Here smooth Alpheus thro' a secret sluice
*Sub * terra* steals, to kiss his Aretheuse :
 And after various turns of adverse woe,
 The thrilling streams of Love united flow :
 How phrensy rages in the Poet's themes,
 Comparing bliss in Love to river's streams ;
 Was that our case, what deluges would flow,
 And headlong bear us to the Thames below :
 Say, who wou'd walk Pall-mall, or Drury-lane ?
 When doors and windows gush'd like spouts of
 rain :

The tide of Lust was never very low,
 The ebb is trifling to the constant flow :
 Our Ladies won't admit the secret plan,
 But where they like, in publick show the Man ;
 Attend Vauxhall, the Glasses, or the Play,
 You'll find O'Kelly hugg'd about like Tray ;
 Why close about what's trivial as a pin,
 " To use what Nature gave, is sure no sin !"

* Under-ground.

Thus

Thus modern Matron's palliate modern ill,
 As Doctors cheat them with a gilded Pill :
 Should they commit a sin, (can Ladies sin ?)
 They with their alms drive to the Magdalene :
 There with repenting few join Sunday's pray'r,
 And go twice more to make the Parson stare.

Next Erythibolus appear'd in flames,
 Where blind Sesostris * burnt adulterate Dames.
 How many Dames would burn to one blind
 Knight,

Before chaste Urine would restore his sight ?
 'Tis hard to say, so many you'd destroy,
 Smithfield for years must blaze a *feu de joy* :
 I don't approve the trial of our wives,
 That one man's sight should risk a million's lives :
 But where's Sir John's great right, I can't devise ?
 For, like old *Argus*, *Merc'ry* sealed his eyes.

* Sesostris the second being blind, the oracle of Brutus declared, he would recover his sight by using the Urine of a woman, who had known no man but her husband—He tried his own wife, and many more to no effect ; and lastly, found the remedy in a Gardener's wife, whom he made his Queen—burning the adulteresses in Erythibolus.

Here

Here Cheop's * Daughter breathes once more
in stone,
And lust declares the Pyramid her own,
A droll conceit, a monument to raise,
And may surprise in these more *virtuous* days;
One stone she levy'd on each am'rous Cull,
Mod'rate enough, considering such a Trull:
But don't you think we've Ladies now alive,
To her one pyramid would build ye five?
Whether St. James's-street, or Seathing-lane,
I will not say — It is not Lady V*.
Guess on my Friend, perhaps you may come
nigher,
I say, she'd build ten more, and ten times higher.

There Capuan Virgins conquer with their
charms,
What Rome confess'd superior to her arms:

* Cheops, king of Egypt, had a Daughter, who requiring a stone of each gallant, with them built a pyramid.

The

The Whores of Capua rais'd the Hero's * tomb,
 A heavier blow than Cannæ prov'd to Rome.
 Is not our Garden † now a viler womb
 To us, than damn'd Seplasia was to Rome :
 Blush Britons, blush, nor glory in a *fame*,
 That Virtue cannot tell, nor Honour name.

And lastly, see ! Apollodorus ‡ brings
 A coarse matrafs, fill'd with the sweetest things :
 Like the lewd Monk in print, who seems to crack,
 Hot for the fair provision on his back ;
 At the device, see vigorous Cæsar stare !
 And so should I——if brought me in a chair.
 Why so surpriz'd because the Hero *kneel'd*,
 Had he not *bus'd* her — “ Lord, the Monster's
steel'd !

* Hannibal, says Valerius Maximus, had now got such a relish for pleasures, that he was more frequently seen in a place of debauchery, call'd Seplasia, than in the camp ; a place, where it was a crime for a Roman to appear in.

† Covent.

‡ Apollodorus bore Cleopatra on his back through the streets of Alexandria, folded in a matrafs, and laid the beautiful burden at Cæsar's feet—The Roman Hero, out of true *military* compassion, took care of her all night.

Yes,

Yes, doubtless, steel'd—but still he show'd a heart,
As soft, as Cleopatra's softest part :

Pagans reflect—could flesh, could blood with-
stand,

Fair Cleopatra, with the softest hand :

This whirling egg—(our world) forgot to move,
Nature stood silent—swallow'd up in Love :

More eyes by Myriads on the Beauty wait,
Than when the fools of * Venice jolt in state :
What modern Lord could ward the darts she
hurl'd,

To conquer him, who conquer'd all the world.

Beneath this Queen, and exquisitely done,
Lay poor Actæon, by his Hounds out-run :
Was naked Dian now to try the force
Of Beauty's charms, upon New-Market-Course ;
What pretty tricks amongst the Great she'd play ;
Change to a horse his Grace—my Lord to Tray ;
One hundred Squires, would make one hundred
hounds,

And Shaftow in a Stag, might maze the grounds ;
A good fat Countess too might prove a Mare,
And *Black* and all *Black* cover for an Heir :

* The Venetian Ambassadors made a public entry
into London, in the year 1765.

Sir

Sir James might shine a Stallion on the Course,
 And prove the pleasures of a leaping Horse :
 I dare not say, the things that would be done,
 In earnest many — and a few in fun.
 Actæon's case, was like St. A—l—n's fate,
 Hounds, Dice, and Women, got his whole
 Estate.

Here Sappho sings, who living sung in vain,
 To bind th' affections of the Lesbian Swain.
 This is not Cattlee's case — tho' Tower-hill
 rung

With Newgate's ditties, from her lisping tongue :
 Her voice prevail'd, and pierc'd Sir Francis'
 ears,

And now alike kills Citizens and Peers ;
 Fortune's a Whore—and tho' the Brimstone's
 blind,

Yet shoeless Merit has known Fortune kind ;
 As you have seen the soft melodious Lark,
 She left the ground to charm a noon-tide Park ;
 You've heard her sing, perhaps you've seen her
 walk ;

But have you heard the pretty Angel talk ?
 Lord how she talks ! her words are fair as milk,
 And when she moves, it's on the wings of silk.
 But

But why such trappings when ye take the air ?
 Is it, good Sir, to make the vulgar stare ?
 Why keep a concubine my gay Sir Bl*,
 When even robb'd of that which makes a rake !
 Let CATTLEE go, pass all your time at *White's*,
 Desert the Women, and the *Bill of Rights*.

Here Cephalus fatigu'd begs Aura's aid,
 And curious Procris bleeds beneath the shade :
 A pretty moral to the City Dames,
 Who ape being jealous to indulge their flames :
 Persuade their husbands 'tis their wondrous
 Love ;

Inkle believes—"Don't cry ? *come kiss my Dove?*"
 The better bred, have better ways by far,
 My Lady Betty weds a brilliant Star :
 But that's for Rank — they hardly speak for
 life,

It is enough she's call'd my *Lady Strife* :
 My Lord comes down, my Lady saunters up,
 He calls for dinner, she desires to sup ;
 To *White's* he hobbles, and she swings to
 prayers,

He snores with *Fisher* — And John gets his
 heirs :

Thus live the very Gay, and very Great,
 The happiest Mortals in the marriage state:
 There's no deception, all's above the board,
 He hates my Lady—and she hates my Lord:
 If they should meet be certain it's by chance,
 At Drum, Ring, Rout, Court, Concert, Play,
 or Dance:

“ My Lord, your Lordship, *here's a charming Sun;*”

“ Madam, your Ladyship”—*Ah! Charles,—*
who won?

No jealous cares corrode the noble's breast,
 Where e'er the magnet draws they sleep the best.
 But City Wives deceive with jealous flames,
 And *cram* the Bagnio's under borrow'd names:
 Find features like the Dad each rising day,
 Tho' got by him who drove the husband's dray:
 No wonder Cits are brawney without brains,
 When the dull composition's mixt with grains.
 Ladies suppose, we breathe the morning air,
 To tickle Trouts, or hunt the timid Hare?
 Why should ye grieve, or pray why should ye
 stir?

The curious woman must for ever err:

'Twas

'Twas that gave Procris an untimely fall,
 Damn'd curiosity undoes ye all.
 If inclination leads to drop the strife,
 You must improve from "*Coleman's jealous
 Wife.*"

Here chaster Caunus * tender of his fame;
 His Sister flies—for an unnatural flame.

It shocks my soul—yet, oft' these things have
 been,

And are, oh! horror, daily to be seen:
 It gives me strange unnatural alarms,
 When Brothers hang upon a Sister's charms:
 I love my Sister, as I love my blood,
 I love her strictly—as a Brother shou'd:
 Shun, Brothers, shun, the foul incestuous flame,
 Curst let him be, who wounds a Sister's fame!

When sweet Ophelia breathes the morning air,
 The sullen wrinkle quits the brow of care:
 In love, as manners rude the Mob must see her,
 And mealy Bakers pressing *mark* the Peer:

* Byblis fell in love with her Brother Caunus, which
 he avoided by flight, and she hang'd herself.

The Play or Park are free for me as Burk,
 Or how dare Blacksmith's shove a Duke of York?
 'Tis honest ease peculiar to our Isles,
 And on the *glorious* freedom, Edward smiles.
 All love Ophelia—till her Brother's seen
 To handle, dandle, you know what I mean.
 'Tis British freedom checks the blackest crimes,
 And Wilkes's freedom *purifies* the times :
 Noble exertion in a noble cause,
 Thou Pyramid of worth 'gainst *boreal* laws.
 How eloquence in godlike PRAT prevails,
 " *I dare like him commit a Prince of Wales. **"
 The tongues of Britons are as free as air,
 In praise or censure of her Court, or Fair :
 O ! Caunus fly, and save Ophelia's fame,
 Nor blast a sifter with eternal shame :
 At incest shudder ! unpolluted fly !
 A Byblis rather let Ophelia die.

Unconquer'd Daphne grac'd the grand abode,
 She, who so scornful scorn'd the Delphic god.

* Harry the Fifth.

Great

Great was the scorn, a god too did you say?
Mifs turn'd her tail upon—"ah! lack-a-day?"
Lord, what a tramp 'twould be to find another?
That would deny a handsome Man, a Lover.
What wild conceits that puppy Ovid had,
But duller folks swear every Poet's mad:
Should Ch* die, I hope she'll be forgiven,
If of a Rape, she'll surely go to Heav'n:
A thing of that kind — if the Man was rash,
Might kill indeed, the *tender* small miss A*;
For such another pretty fairy Queen,
Has never *totter'd* o'er St. James's Green:
Their pretty noses now are out of joint,
'Tis said V***t twists his Lordship's point:
Such in's and out's, such various up's and
down's,

Are grown quite modish in our country towns:
Keep kissing on, the game is in and out,
These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Bute.
But why such spite against these Ladies eke?
Their greatest sin I'm sure's a painted cheek:
If against them the gates are shut above,
It is a crime below to paint and love;
Age may cure love, but why abolish paint?
What's half so frightful as a pale fac'd Saint?

I like to see a handsome Corpse in bed,
 Blushing on those who weep about the dead ;
 Your smaller sins, great alms, and Doctor Rock
 May move ; if not, the Magdalene, and Lock.
 Fisher may yet repent, tho' deep the taint,
 And little Davies die a little Saint ;
 If Lucy err'd—still that's no reason, why
 Cooper must not reform before she die :
 Tho' Mother Douglass sed on *flesh* all Lent,
 Yet Foot and Whitfield made the Bawd repent :
 I'm not a Cit, in condemnation rank,
 That Rice is damn'd because he robb'd their
 Bank :

I hope the very worst may be forgiv'n,
 And even M—l—n too may go to heav'n ;
 The greatest merit which the Son hath bore,
 Amongst his Creditors, he bilk'd his *Whore*.
 Retir'd a while from Bailiffs—not from care,
 And made an Av'ry of a house of Prayer :
 Domitien-like he drew the bow—in lies,
 And kill'd his younger days, in killing flies :
 At length th' insolvent act reliev'd the soul,
 Like a poor crawling tortoise from his hole.
 A youth to practise on so base a plan,
 What must he prove, ye Devils, when a Man ?
 Should

Should he send bread to *Hunger* in a cave,
 Honour must spurn the morsel that he gave :
 Let him repent to ease a breast of care,
 And with these *juster* Sisters hope in prayer.

Near virtuous Daphne, sat the Roman Maid,
 Philotis * she, in lilly white array'd ;
 Like to the morn, when first her blushing face,
 Sheds o'er the gloomy world her heavenly grace.
 What can't a Virgin do, in Beauty's bloom ?
 As much in England as she did in Rome :
 Only suppose the Maids in this great Town,
 (For great, or small, they'll bring a Cæsar down)
 Should France attack us in voluptuous ease,
 Like Men they could but act — and *bat*ch a
Peace.

They must succeed on this unconquer'd plan ;
 Tell me the Maid, that can not *beat* her Man ?
 Many there are I know will vanquish ten,
 Is not that monstrous odds against the Men ?

* A Maid Servant at Rome, who, when the State was weak, was given to the *Fidenates*, whom she betrayed, when drunk, by a signal ; for which service the Maid Servants were free, and had portions out of the public treasury.

Sampson was *mortal* strong ; yes, so I've read,
 But how much stouter Dalila in bed ?
 She was a wife, or if you will a Whore,
 Allow her both, we've maids would beat a score.
 That's needless, friend, for Wives are plaguey
 tough,

At least I'm sure their Husbands groul enough :
 Yes, but our kinds are various as our meat,
 Try from Whitechapel-Bars — to Audley-
 Street :

Maids you'll meet myriads — but the Virgin
 rare,

And less at Court, perhaps, than in Rag-Fair :
 If from their parts such streams of goodness
 gush,

Grant public portions to the Well, and Bush :
 Is there a slip-shod Dotard lives this day,
 That does not kneel more times to whore, than
 pray ?

Then what's the good man's adoration, Friend ?
 Beauty—and will be to the world's long end :
 Beauty in all has rul'd this whirling egg,
 By shape, face, tongue, *et cætera*, or leg ;
 And will command, when these chaste lines are
 gone,

And their chaste Poet dead—without a stone.

Come,

Come, sacred sleep, and happily profound,
When no Scotch Thistle dare profane the
ground.

Thrice happy thought—thou'lt fold more happy
death,

Him, who curst SCOTLAND with his dying
breath.

I can love Scotsmen — when they're good, and
brave,

But why Scots love a Scot — when known a
Knave?

There must be some damn'd curse upon the Crew,
For Heaven mark'd ye, when she *black'd* the
Jew :

You'll call me bitter, — yes, I am as gall,
Whene'er I meet a Scot without a *Saul* :

Yes, special soles, I've heard the Cobler swear,
But when made upper-leathers gall in wear :

O ! wretched times, when such a wretched
Crew,

Fill ev'ry place from Wapping—down to Kew :

Hold—no, I'll speak my mind tho' Hell's wide
jaws

Should gape, it is my King and Country's cause ;

Why

Why flinch, why fear? I'm honest English
born,

I neither dread the *Mon*, his *leer*, or scorn:
Hope better times, for sure they can't be worse:
And on her bitter foes, I breathe my bitter curse,

Who don't adore the virtue of that wife*,
Who dar'd to spare an honour'd husband's life?
And who don't shudder for that *Royal Lord*?
Presented with a parchment, or a sword:
A cursed choice — and by the Woman giv'n,
He thought a Sifter to the Saints in Heav'n:
Priests caus'd the Crocodile to murder here,
Blush *holy* Rogues! — blush Queen, thou Rufs,
thou Bear!

Run o'er the Hist'ries of the states of yore,
And all have moulder'd in the Priest, and
Whore:

Strange fascination! — that the gown, and cowl,
Should bear about a more enlighten'd soul:

Thanks to our stars — we take our prayers in
ease,

We hear the Parson, and we pay his fees:

* Hypermnestra sav'd her husband Lynceus, when
her forty-nine Sisters murdered theirs by agreement.
They

They learn at present *Peace* in every School,
 And like the *City fools* address by rule :
 In body fat, in form, and manners full,
 Prolix in words, and technically dull ;
 That they're but men, we always knew before,
 And if they're never less—we ask no more.

Standing alone, an exquisitely fair,
 Virtue in youth, blush'd innocently bare,
 Damocles * he, who bore a spotless name,
 Who nobly perish'd, to preserve his fame,
 O ! would a spark of thy dear fame revive !
 In this vile City where such scoundrels thrive !
 Where man with man, O ! monstrous to unfold,
 Basely debase themselves thro' lust, or gold :
 And when *condemn'd to die* dare name the Lord,
 Will save these Villains from their right — a
 cord :

Does not this truth too daily wound the ear ?
 Thieves hang'd at Tyburn — Sons of Sodom
 — where ?

* “ An instance of the greatest private Virtue.”——
 Damocles, a beautiful Athenian youth, was pursued by
 Demetrius—the latter surprising him naked in a private
 Bath, the youth threw off the cover of the Cauldron
 where the water was boiling, leap'd in, and was stifled.

Blush,

Blush, Justice blush, nor let a purse prevail,
 If men of rank disgrace a British Jail :
 The man who asks five guineas on the road,
 Does he offend mankind so much, or God ?
 Think you Paul Lewis * had so base a vice ?
 Tho' dying justly with a Whore and Rice.
 O ! venal age — when men are not afraid,
By breeches buckles to declare their trade :
 Feeding to-day, Cameleon like, on air,
 To-morrow shining like a Miser's heir :
 Behold e'en virtue in a common whore !
 Expiring, smiling, glorying in her gore !
 Peace injur'd shade ! — thy bleeding wounds
 I'll tell,
 Nor spare that wretch, that would not spare
 Miss Bell.
 Haunt him dear Ghost in the remotest climes,
 I'll rack him living with unnatural crimes :
 Thou more than beast—so foul a deed to dare,
 And when deny'd—to wound a form so Fair.
 Where rose that trivial meteor of a Spark ?
 That fleeting phantom of a noon-day Park ?

* Hang'd for a robbery, with a woman for the same,
 and Rice for forgery, in 1763.

Where

Where rose, where lives, this dainty *fine drawn*
thing ?

This strutting nothing on the cob-web wing ?

This mighty pretty form in boots, or hose ?

This form distinguish'd by the length of nose ?

Where sprung, where feeds this insect of a day ?

Is he a moving mystery of clay ?

Or does he pray subsist ? — “ Hush, do not
name ;”

—On the excrescence of some courtly Dame ?

Or does he ? — no, enough, pray hold your
tongue !

“ He is a man of fashion, and he's young :”

Better and better still—suppose we try,

Will he at Haddock's—a Damocles die ?

Why burn ? that cannot answer any end,

No, no—unless to try his virtue Friend :

Pshaw, a romantick joke, a mad desire,

To try the virtue of a man in fire ;

But then, if virtuous, is he to survive ?

Yes, with the Gods above he'll surely live.

If Rogues will try for that precarious boon,

Fielding, and you will scald them all in Town.

Here

Here Atalanta shew'd her pretty face,
 Undone like many Girls at *Epsom* race ;
 Ye Bow-Street Hags, why prostitute the
 charms,

Of injur'd beauty, in a *Gambler's* arms ?
 A sett of curled thieves, and more than Jew,
 Who'll bilk a needy harlot of her due ;
 Ye Youths, who glory in the name of Rake,
 Avoid a Gambler as you wou'd a Snake ;
 In words they're tempting as the summer seas,
 And all their studies are the arts to please ;
 They'll stile you Colonel, Captain, Squire, or
 Lord,

But doubt their honour — *and they wear a
 Sword.*

Have you not seen a wanton, giddy fly,
 Catch'd as he careless pass'd the cobweb by,
 Flutter in vain his little gauzy wings,
 And fall a martyr to the spider's stings ?
 Whores may have honour, but a Gambler can't,
 They're thieves in chariots, and they're thieves
 in want :

It is a thousand pities Fielding's blind,
 Or else such pests could never marr mankind :

In

In *Russel-Street* *, there's held a curfed Court,
 Where thefe card Cannibals in herds refort :
 Where Templers game for more than they can
 pay,

And *wifely* fink like Ghosts at dawn of day :
 The City Fool here struts to fhew his fword,
 Loses one hundred——and he's fent abroad :
 The flashy Heir, perhaps more hot than wife,
 Fights with a Scoundrel, and a Scoundrel dies.
 Thus Atalanta, fair deluded Maid,
 By gold was tempted, and by Man betray'd :
 Gold changes natures, makes the Black a White,
 The Coward brave ; foul, fair ; and error right :
 It will do every thing in thefe poor days,
 But make a CHURCHMAN give a Scotsman praife :
 No, that it cannot do, give what you will,
 Tho' *Audley-street* fhould march to Shuter's-hill :
 Curfe on the power of gold, and curfe its flaves,
 Great is the curfe—for I have curs'd all Knaves ;
 What havock does it make in this huge town,
 It raifes Rogues, and tumbles Merit down ;
 Thoufands it ruins, and as many makes,
Filth drives his coach, and *Wotley* cleans the
 jakes ;

For

* Mr. Haynes has judiciously altered the plan of his
 Coffee-houfe.

For debts at Play, my Lady pawns her plate,
New-Market mortgages my Lord's estate;
 To-day Change-Alley makes an hundred Jews,
 To-morrow Moses cleaneth Aaron's shoes:
 Touchit himself has made an awful stop,
 The books 'examin'd W — h displays his
 shop:

So men in trade like boys on planks appear,
 One on the ground, the other high in air.
 A Woman * once refus'd great Jove's address,
 Yet, in a shower of gold he gain'd access:
 Well, so he might — and I with wings the
 same,

Would reach a beauty of the greatest fame:
 Had I the purse of Clive, I'd try the scheme,
 And kiss from Plymouth, up to Humber's
 stream.

Money, alas! will purchase all their charms,
 Or how can *L—g—r* defile their arms?
 'Tis very rare, yet some there are resist;
 And nobly pay to be more nobly kist:
 Happy's the man on whom such favours fall,
 And if she's *handsome*, it is more than all.

* Danae.

Descend,

Descend, O gold ! and in a heavy show'r,
 And let me try thy more than mighty pow'r !
 Walking, farewel ; proud chariot roll my pride ;
 And let me jostle with the rogues that ride :
 My crest a *Thistle*—(who with scorn dare treat
 it ?)

Asses supporters, and the motto—*Eat it.*

Bett at New-market—and at Arthur's play :
 And drive o'er ev'ry villain in my way :
 A knight I must be—not without a *Post*,
 Treat *Whigs* with claret—and the King my
 toast.

For such a plate, what jockey will not start ?
 In hope of gaining Lady W**'s heart.

These, and a thousand more appear'd in stone,
 Themselves forgotten, and their deaths un-
 known :

Many perhaps expir'd thro' lust, or shame,
 And some when dead to bear a tinkling name:
 Romantick Lovers crowd the outward wall,
 Doubtless undone by love and folly all :
 Thousands above to madness near allied,
 Liv'd in Romance, and in a duel died :

Numbers unfinish'd fill'd the nether place,
Of various Kingdoms, but of modern Race:
And might we judge too from the mighty store,
Our fools in love, surpass the fools of yore.



THE
DEMI-REP.





THE
DEMOCRAT





T H E
D E M I - R E P .

Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam.

VIRGI

Where Matrimony veils th' incestuous Life,
And Whore is shelter'd in the name of Wife.

THE Times are such, I cannot kindly
speak ;

Since mere appearances are all we seek :

One may be hang'd for looking o'er the gate,
A second steal the horse and ride in state.

Vices of ev'ry kind so much prevail,
That were the virtues in the adverse scale ;
And just ASTRÆA pois'd the beam with care,
The bad would sink — the good would mount
in air.

40 THE DEMI-REP.

There's not a single crime beneath the sun,
 But what in this great City's hourly done :
 There's not one vice, peculiar to one clime,
 But we have transplanted here from time to time :
 Transplanted so that they have proudly grown,
 As proudly we adopted them our own.
 We Holland's avarice and thirst of gain,
 The filth of Portugal, the pride of Spain ;
 The insincerity of France assume,
 And practise all the turpitudes of Rome ;
 Nor damn'd enough, we more exoticks sue,
 Importing plagues from Turkey and Peru :
 Here foreign crimes and ills take deeper stains,
 And roll in torrents through our English veins.
 Vice in a thousand horrid forms appears,
 In strength increasing with increasing years :
 A virtuous Court, is no attracting charm,
 To vicious Courtiers who like vermin swarm ;
 From complicated filths engender'd first,
 They by the genial sun from matter burst
 To life : then in a thousand frightful forms
 They rise, and blast mankind with deadly storms.

Heavens ! such impositions now appear,
 Man can't be even said to see, or hear !

Such

Such cursed impositions rise to view,
Though vice was thought at top ; still, they are
new.

Who can with temper see that haggard quean,
Playing through life the most adult'rate scene !
With feelings who can see, and not complain,
Of the lewd actions of a Lady V*— ?
Pity that other little Lord, poor dupe !
Hen-peck'd, confin'd within his Lady's hoop.
Now pray you pity, the poor simple man,
Bully'd through life by such a harriidan !
Who quite compos'd can warmly coo at court,
And make this little lord her little sport !
Hell and confusion what a life is here,
When men thus truckle, women domineer !
Immortal Dorset, Rochester arise,
And wipe the film from such poor Cuckold's
eyes !

Convince the Noble, and the plodding Man,
Footmen will end the work they first began :
Or give me rhyme to lash each vicious step,
And check the conduct of the DEMI-REP !

Behold

Behold that house ! ——— prodigious grand
indeed ;

Behold her company ! — all noble breed ;

Behold her Footmen, what a brawny crew !

Pamper'd to do what Nobles cannot do.

Their liv'ries, how superbe ! themselves how
trim !

As if lewd Venus had fram'd ev'ry limb :

They're not intended now for menial use,

As cleaning plate, or knives, or blacking
shoes ;

When they are hired, whether white or black,

The Mistrefs takes them by the breadth of back ;

For search this City round, and round about,

You'll find no class so handsome or so stout :

It is a maxim in which Dames are clear,

A strapping Footman to a tiny Peer.

Behold her dress, her table and her house !

Nothing can be more grand, more rich, profuse.

Pray does she play Sir ?—play ! ay well, and
wins,

Or else her income would not buy her pins.

Pray is she married ! Yes, her Spouse in France,

The tame good creature let's her take her dance.

Pray

Pray is she modest?—As LUCRETIA known;
But forc'd by all the TARQUINS in the town.
Yes, the good Lady chaste LUCRETIA apes,
To save her fame she pays for daily rapes.—
Yet, there's a way to gain her with great ease,
Which is a never-failing rule to please:
To lose your cash exert your play, and art,
And you may ride the turnpike to her heart:
Or if you can, win all she has at play,
Return the sum,—and take it out her way:
If you are lucky, stick to't hand and foot,
Get her in debt, then play it out at PUT.
For there she's happy, whether out or in,
Play as you please, she's always sure to win.
But if you're handsome, sturdy, fair, and sound,
Please but her whim—she'll tip a thousand
pound:

This is the way, a way nor strange, nor new,
And ask of C—F—D if it is not true!

Maidens of forty-five of virtue boast,
Pure as the virgin snow,—seal'd up as frost:
Affect the icy chastity of Nuns,
Despise the thaw of Love, and genial suns:
Talk of temptation with a hermit's pride,
How they've resisted, and how men have tried.

Such

Such is Miss MACER, whose eternal boast,
Is, what man offers, and what virtue lost.

“ O my dear virtue ! would I forfeit thee,

“ I might enjoy the top of pageantry !

“ But I and virtue, cannot, will not part.”—

Thus MACER talks, but talks not from the
heart :

Talks of her neighbours with a venom'd tooth,

Yet MACER never deviates into truth :

She by abusing those who're free from shame,

Builds upon infamy a cobweb fame ;

Rails at young MASTERMAN's * lascivious sin,

And yet in private ev'ry year lies in ;

In those convenient places of the town,

Where Maiden Ladies lay their bantlings down :

It's thus with MACER and the Maids well bred,

When thought at Bath, they're only brought
to bed.

O ! lovely MASTERMAN, unconquer'd Rake,

Passions, once screw'd so high, must crack,

must break.

* An unfortunate Niece of a late Alderman of York,
whose vicious disposition hurried her down the precipice
of lust and folly—in spite of education, or the tears of
Kindred.

As

As mills are turn'd by each capricious gust,
So Woman's turn'd by money, mode, or lust.
Thro' life a pattern of domestic love ;
Loving, and constant as the turtle dove :
The sweetest temper with the fairest face,
When education adds to native grace :
Loving her children, of her children lov'd,
And married to the Man her heart approv'd :
The halcyon state all wish'd which PRITTA
 shar'd,
And when they talk'd of love with her com-
 par'd :

“ O could my spouse and I enjoy such bliss !

“ Ye Gods did PRITTA ever do amiss !”

Hang Heav'n with black ; — ye rivers stream
 with blood !

Reign vice triumphant over all that's good !

Fork'd lightnings dart, — ye mutt'ring thun-
 ders roar !

Seas burst your bounds, and deluge ev'ry shore !

Yield up your dead ye graves, — earth's centre
 shake !

Chaos is come, — and PRITTA's turn'd a rake.

Twenty years married, and at last to fall !

Is more than man can bear that feels at all.

Would

Would it not make one curse the sex, to see
 An Angel end her life in infamy !
 Oh ! I could curse while ink my oaths could
 black,
 To see so fair a fabrick—fall to wrack.
 Have you no pity for the babes you bore,
 Must they survive, nor own a Mother more ?
 Have you no feelings for their infant years,
 No anxious moments—or no Mother's fears ?
 Relent ! nor be absorb'd in sin, and mirth,
 To make them curse the womb that gave 'em
 birth.

Lord, what a delicate delightful creature !
 Love in her eyes, and grace in ev'ry feature :
 So young, so tender, and so modest too,
 She'd tempt a very Sweedish CHARLES* to woo.
Ye

* CHARLES the 12th of SWEDEN, when 16 years
 old, marched against COPENHAGEN, (the capital of
 Denmark) and made a vow to abstain from *women* and
wine—which VOLTAIRE tells us he most religiously per-
 formed : we know that he had resolution—or *brutality*—
 or *apathy*, or whatever you please to call it : to refuse
 a visit from the Countess of CONISMAR, a Sweedish Lady
 of birth and fashion ; celebrated through Europe for her
wit

Ye Gods!—ye little Gods of house, or fane,
 Or rather Venus dear to Drury-Lane,
 Assist my tongue to lisp her praises o'er,
 And draw a picture never drawn before!

wit and beauty. She made many visits and many efforts to see the *cold* Hero—(which he only called a conquest of his passions, to obviate and avoid those evils which the fair-sex brought upon CAESAR and ALEXANDER.) However, she exercised her wit and charms in vain; and the last efforts were these. She took an opportunity of meeting him in a narrow lane on horseback, when he could not pass the coach;—upon which, she alighted—he saluted her, never spoke a word, but turned his horse and rode off: a galling mortification to soliciting beauty. She was a mistress of the living languages, and composed a poem to win the favours of this Hero; wherein she makes all the Gods, but *Venus* and *Bacchus*, speak highly of his fame. The piece concludes, thus:

“Enfin chacun des dieux dis courant à sa gloire,
 “Le placoit par avance au temple de Memoire:
 “Mais VENUS, ni BACCHUS n'en dire pas un mot.”

When all the Gods did of his glories boast,
 And MEM'RY plac'd him in her highest post;
 Sweet VENUS sigh'd, and BACCHUS past the toast. }

I believe I may say, that it was the first time those bewitching Sisters, *Beauty* and *Poesy*, failed with a youth under 20.

PYGMALION'S

PYGMALION's statue not more chaste in death,
Sweet as the pouting rose, ere Zephyr's breath
The Maiden bellows of his lungs hath blown
To make those maiden beauties all his own.
Touch her, she faints—court her you're mighty
rude;

Praise her, she'll blush,—and vow you make
her proud:

Name genial joys she'll freeze at ev'ry pore,
Force but one kiss,—she's lost for evermore.
Her reading's LANGHORNE, and platonick
love,

Which every day her feelings disapprove.
Her Church the Magdelene, her Preacher DODD,
By following whom, she's sure to lose her God.
Her pity those, created first from dust,
Undone by that unnat'ral passion lust.
Thus ** lives, and to the world appears
A virgin saint throughout a train of years.
The curtain's drawn. — Now view her virgin
plan!

Melting with joy, beneath her Father's man.

This Town's infested by a pack of Dames,
Burnt with the hottest meretricious flames.

Chaste

Chaste as unfired coals they seem, but sin
Has to a cinder burnt them up within :
Their skins are parch'd with use, and yet they
rail

At whoredom, tho' they're whores from head
to tail.

Behold old PHOEBE, tott'ring on a staff,
Tho' call'd alive, her own dead epitaph :
Double with age, her eyes with rheum o'er-
flown,

Lip drop'd, cheek shrunk, and driv'ling
down,

Toothless by coughing, from long munching
grim,

An aspin palsy shaking ev'ry limb :

Grey as a badger, wrinkl'd as an ape,

And worn by time and ven'ry out of shape.

Yet PHOEBE lusts, and wonders men are cold,

And grieves to think she's courted for her gold :

Chuckles for ev'ry sturdy youth she sees,

Although she keeps a stud in liveries :

At eighty PHOEBE dies.—The world all stare,

To find an Irish Chairman PHOEBE's heir :

To whom these moving words, she moving
cried,
O spare me PATRICK !—spare me more !—and
died.

Would you imagine me at once to find
A man so base, so venal, to resign
The Woman that his heart approv'd, to wear
A dirty feather in a higher sphere !
Would one imagine that ambition cou'd
Possess a Man to prostitute his blood !
To prostitute to other's lusts his wife,
To stink in gilded infamy through life !
Would one imagine such a Wretch to be,
A wretch so mean to boast his infamy !
Can the same vital fire possess such dust,
To give up virtue to adult'rate lust ?
To give a wife up with the sweetest charms
For lucre to Boscawen's * nautick arms ?
'Tis but too true. I wish it was forgot,
Since Mrs. L—N was Mrs. S—T.

The greatest curse in this inconstant life,
Is, to be curst with an inconstant wife :

* The late Admiral.

But

But double still's the curse, when all we know
Will not amount to proof ; when she shall go
From man to man with fresh carniv'rous lust,
And take the greatest with the greatest gust.
Deception is the dress which Women wear,
They paint, yet foolish Man believes 'em fair :
Each has a JANUS' face,—here war,—there
peace,

Which artful Woman changes at her ease :
So very false in all, that ev'ry part
They act, is seldom acted from the heart.
By art, by stratagem they brazen truth,
And murder thousands in the bloom of youth.
The Spoiler thus upon the publick way,
Draws the unwary trav'ler astray ;
But soon shakes off the cheat, and to the
heart
Stabs the good Man that meant the gen'rous
part.

WOMAN, why form'd so shallow, false, and
blind,

At once the curse, and blessing of Mankind !
Why made so soft, so elegant, so fair,
At once to please, and pleasing to ensnare !

But why surpris'd that Woman should deceive,
 When ev'ry Woman is the type of Eve?
 To day an angel, tender, kind, and civil;
 To-morrow, thunder, lightning, rain, and
 Devil:

In Eden with one Man she prov'd a *brim*,
 And found some happy means to cuckold him.
 Unhappy E**l, how we lament thy case,
 To try in public thus a wife's disgrace!
 A cunning dame that could contrive her sport,
 To save her Gallant from the costs of Court:
 A Gallant whom the fairest Matron, might
 To wanton in her snowy arms invite:
 A Gallant whom a thousand women love,
 And whom, let's hope, the better half approve.
 Such various cheats in various life appear,
 It seems domestick harmony, where Dear,
 And Love, and Duck, and Joy's the mutual
 song:

Kissing and ever cooing in a throng:
 But tongs and poker ere you're out o'door,
 Accord in concert to "you rogue—you
 whore!"

Such

Such are the various cheats in various life,
With a chaste, *mighty good kind of a wife*.

Women have various schemes in being
Wives,

Some to enjoy their Man,—some freer lives :
But marriage, like all earthly things possess,
Falls short in that, we wish'd to make us blest.—
In marriage, this, a trifle you'll allow,
Tom broke his leg ;—and Madam broke her
vow :

Hating to nurse—away to France she flies,
And in the int'rim the poor cripple dies :
The world all star'd,—to find a wife elope,
But drop'd their wonder—when 'twas Mrs.
P—e,

Fair she was made, and shone with native
grace,

Catching applauses from the Gallic Race ;
Display'd those talents Nature made her own,
And took a Knight in—easy as a Clown :
Married,—return'd, she proves a torn down
Hack,

And labours now to break her second's back.—

If this is marriage let me shun the wreck,
 For fear I get a Dame may break my neck :
 Maids when they're courted are our bliss in
 love,
 The question is, what wives those maids will
 prove ?

Cruel injunction by a husband laid
 Upon a wife,—who makes her cards her trade :
 Cruel injunction, from the man we wed,
 To force a wife from cards at five, to bed :
 Cruel injunction, all the world must say,
 A Duke, to force a Dutchess from her play :
 If others copy from these great men's rules,
 What times will Ladies have from doating fools !
 Marriage !—my stars ! who'll ever be a wife,
 When Maids are free with all,—and Maids
 for life !

Marriage ! avaunt—your chains I now disown ;
 First,—make me DEMI-REP to half the town.
 Husband no more, that thus my love rewards !
 Take Husband Heav'n—and give me love and
 cards.

Thus G——n spoke,—and smiling flipt away
 From him for ever—to her tea, and play :

She

She felt no nuptial ties—nor dreaded ill,
Her cares were Ombre—and her joy Quadrille :
Children, House, Husband sunk without a
 sigh :

—What live, and quit my cards ! I'd rather
 die,

With gallant, gentle, upper O—y.

That blessing Love, the God of Nature
 gave

To cheer us from the cradle to the grave ;
But yet alas ! what perils wait the Spark ;
That blindly puts to sea in CUPID's bark :
The waves of scandal roar—and ev'ry gust
Is stir'd by passion, jealousy, or lust :
Beauty, should have a skillful pilot's care,
Through envious rocks and shoals to steer
 her clear ;

Beauty the eyes of ARGUS too requires,
To save her cargo from the pirate's fires ;
Beauty's th' Hesperian tree,—and ev'ry brute
Will risk his life to pluck the golden fruit :
Beauty alas ! hath not one friend below
But virtue, which can vanquish ev'ry foe :

She that hath virtue is compleatly arm'd
But Beauty without virtue may be charm'd.

A beauteous woman, reputation gone,
Is like a half-pay officer in town ;
In virtue she is courted, and desir'd,
In war he's honour'd, and by all admir'd :
Her virgin flow'r once pluck'd—her credit's
gone :

And he in peace is *credited* by none :
Such is the Soldier's, such the Virgin's lot,
Alike unpitied, and alike forgot.—
Is there no pity 'mongst the rich, and great,
For those poor girls who roam the public
street ?

Have you no pity for the sons of Mars,
Who bought your *peace* at the expence of
scars ?

Shall one sad fate each hapless kind attend,
Alike unpitied, and without a friend ?
Curs'd be that Man, who will not stoop to
save

The injur'd Maid, or Soldier from the grave !
Alive, may conscience be his earthly Hell,
As dead, he will the damndest Fiends out yell !

Lift !

Lift ! lift ye Sinners ! I'll a tale unfold,
A tale, shall shock the Man tho' savage bold :
If you have feelings—here you shall deplore,
And bleed, and agonize at every pore :
If injur'd Woman ever drew a tear,
Shower down a torrent on a sister here !
If perjur'd perfidy e'er curs'd our race,
If Heaven marks the virtuous, from the base,
If incest, upon incest, can incense
The wrath of Heaven, Heaven thy wrath
dispense !

In a small village vice could never find,
Nor garish dress corrupt the female mind :
Where courtly luxury had never stray'd,
To cram the glutton,—to seduce the Maid ;—
Here Virtue, taught her virtue in her youth,
And pure Religion mark'd the ways of truth ;
Heav'n in her birth shew'd ev'ry darling care,
And made her beauteous as her angels are :
All these, and more the sweet CARRELIA shar'd,
A spotless angel to the town repair'd :

All

All prais'd her charms, for none could look,
but lov'd :

The sigh, the wish, the joy of all she prov'd
All prais'd to please, without one thought to
truth,

All try'd by flatt'ry to corrupt her youth ;
Dukes, Lords, and Princes could admire,
could swear,

“ Heaven never made an angel half so fair ;”
(For common words with Nobles have a force,
Which other men may use till they are hoarse)
Flatt'ry alas ! the bane of womankind,
Pour'd by degrees its poison in her mind ;
Flatt'ry the curse of all the lovely sex,
The rock where Women make their fatal
wrecks,

Smooth, pleasing poison which the mind re-
ceives,

Tho' conscious of the endless wound it gives.
Ye undeluded shun the flow'ry shore,
Nor split, where thousands have been wreck'd
before !

Flatt'ry alas ! her sugar'd poison pours,
Like venom'd snakes beneath the fairest flowers.

Oh !

O! shun the lure, and mark CARRELIA'S
end,

In youth a weeping Nun, without one friend,
To a thatch'd cot retir'd to end her days ;
Searching with broken contrite heart the ways
Of Heav'n for happy Penitents reserv'd,
(For more or less in life we all have swerv'd.)
But Heav'n attentive hears the Sinner's pray'r,
And from the drooping soul—removes the care :
Gives that reviving HOPE to all below,
That, bliss succeeds this temporary woe.

Hence Charity ! and Indignation rush
With all ethereal fire and rage, to crush
The Wretch, that gather'd first this flow'ret
gay,

Then cast it like a “ loathsome weed away.”
Curs'd be the Wretch that can seduce the Fair,
Then, drive 'em forth to all the stings of care !
For all the riches of the golden West,
I would not have the Hell in L—w—th—r's
breast !

Heav'n keep me poor, and steady to my trust,
Firm tho' unhappy, and tho' tempted just.

Nay,

Nay, might I choose—I would be stak'd in
flames,
Rather than damn'd like *Twitcher* and Sir JAMES.

That first great DEMI-REP, first Queen of
hearts,

Whose wanton love reduc'd all hero's parts ;
She who brought mighty CÆSAR on his knees,
To pay the turnpike to the seat of ease :
That flowry seat on Ida's mid-land shore,
Where none e'er enter'd but did first adore :
A worship follow'd by the Prince and Slave ;
At once our cradle, and at once our grave ;
A truth fulfill'd by Men of each degree,
From love-sick ANTHONY to love-sick ME.
Hail CLEOPATRA of the shining East !
Who first made lust a dish at ev'ry feast ;
Fair DEMI-REP from whom profusion rose
In lust, in lux'ry, pageantry, and cloaths :
Who will not fire at that lascivious thought,
When on his back APOLLODORUS brought
A rich Mattress, fill'd with a richer treat,
And laid the jewel down at CÆSAR's feet :
O how the Blood trills at the luscious scene,
A CÆSAR bleeding with a maiden queen !

From

From CLEOPATRA's wanton, giddy steps,
 Arose the wanton race of DEMI-REPS :
 Such are the changes of our state below,
 The scene of joy becomes a scene of woe ;
 ANTHONY falling shuns OCTAVIUS' grasp,
 And CLEOPATRA courts the fatal asp !

Fortune, whose favours are promiscuous
 hurl'd,
 The giddy Mistress of a giddy world ;
 To thee, vain goddess, still our altars blaze,
 Still swell to thee the various notes of praise :
 To thee the labour of each head and hand,
 To thee our travels both by sea and land ;
 The Poet's lay, the Statesman's subtle scheme,
 The air-built castle, and the golden dream.
 NEPTUNE's rough sons who e'er his surges
 sweep,
 And tempt with swelling sails the awful deep,
 In many an oath thy changing power revere,
 As through the storm or lengthen'd calm they
 steer.
 For thee the hardy Veterans sustain,
 The heats of summer, and the winter's rain :

E'en

E'en Priests themselves to thee have learnt to
pray,

And mitred heads confess thy sacred sway :
Physick's grave tribe, and Law's rapacious
crew,

And traffick's Sons, all toil alike for you :
By thee the Arts and Sciences avail,
And tardy Justice lifts her equal scale.
Say then, blind Goddess, while we have in
view

Thy various gifts, and variously pursue !
Say, shall the hungry Poet by his lay,
Exulting eat the dinner of the day ?
Shall some dull Lord deep smit with love of
verse,

For panegyrick give the needed purse ?
Or is he doom'd by thy unkindler pow'r,
Fasting to write in thrice exalted floor ?
Where unmolested spiders spread the snare,
Where stand the sheetless bed, the broken chair ;
Where to defend the bard from blasts of night,
Rags in the casement keep out wind and light.

Some few, thus struggle still in virtue's cause,
Nor find protection in their Country's Laws.

They

They who first painted Fortune drew her blind,
 A giddy Strumpet giving alms to wind :
 She has been partial since this world began,
 And ever steady to the worthless man ;
 Call these not chance !—Let these inspire your
 hate !

See B— possessing M—UE's estate !
 See learned M—UE unpitied roam,
 And friendless begging both abroad and home !
 Here Angel-Pity turn thy tender eye,
 See LLOYD and Genius in one prison die !
 Are these the proofs of fortune's general care,
 O ! damn her—damn her here and ev'ry where !
 O ! let me, CHURCHILL, offer at thy shrine,
 One line of friendship, one warm, honest line !
 Let me with truth defend thee from the rage
 Of him, who blasted thine like SHAKESPEAR'S
 page * !

One, who with ranc'rous envy, could sit
 down,

Conceive a lie, and spread it round the town :

* Samuel Johnson satirized by Churchill, under the
 name of *Pompofo*.

Could try the Prince of * Poets to dethrone,
 Whose name shall out-live Envy, brass a
 stone :

Faults he had some, but the superior weight
 Of all his sterling virtues was so great,
 To poise them both, if Envy should prevail,
 While equal-handed Justice held the scale,
 Virtue would sink to earth, and the rebound
 Would shake the adverse vices to the ground

Hail gentle YORK the patron of the fair,
 Who make the sex your study and your care !
 In all so humble, and in all so good,
 To mix in vulgar veins your noble blood !
 Husbands, whose wives you *honour*, own with
 truth,
 How much they owe to your more vig'rous
 youth !
 How much you ease the labour of their reins,
 By the effusions of your gen'rous veins !

* In Doddsley's Annual Register for 1764, you will see the memoirs of Churchill, written by a false, invidious pen, attempting, by the grossest falsties, to prejudice the world, against one of the greatest Poets this kingdom ever produced.

You

You have the thanks of our more aged fires,
Teaching their daughters more unhallow'd
fires !

Your noble acts to all the Dames are known,
Who raise the seed you scatter up and down.
To give due praise kind Spouses can't forbear,
Cuckolds to D—I brown, and M—t fair.
Does a Peer die ?—behold your gen'rous deeds,
Your comforts to the Widow in her weeds !
The sweetest Widow Venus e'er design'd
Had died for grief, had G—r not been kind ;
Had he not cheer'd with cordial drops her heart,
Transfix'd by Death's, his own, and Love's
keen dart.

Should your kind influence e'er affect my Dame,
To feel the warmth of a right noble flame,
Let the sad secret never come from you,
And I shall think her quite as fair and true :
Let my sweet Mistress kiss with whom she will,
Let me not know it I am easy still !
I do not care if I'm deceiv'd if pleas'd ;
Which way it is,—tho' of my money eas'd.
I ne'er am studious jealous facts t'obtain,
Without to feel the horns within the brain :

The cuckold's cares I give to Master FORD,
 Or some old impotent deluded Lord :
 Or him who thought his artifices sage,
 By cooping up his Lady * in a cage !
 I have not jealousy to swell my woes,
 And wish my Dame may never give me cause !
 God keep her true, or keep the news from me,
 Nor damn me 'mongst the sons of Jealousy !
 Make me not studious to find out my shame,
 Like one suspicious of his gentle Dame !
 When sickness had reduc'd the body low,
 He with a face of penitence and woe,
 Declar'd a fatal poison he had giv'n,
 Soon she wou'd stand before the judge of
 Heav'n :

Confess, nor thus retire my dear lov'd wife,
 Top full of sin from this adult'rous life !
 Have † you not cuckol'd me my gentle Fair,
 Speak, and your bosom will be freed from care !
 But should you bear a lie to that high world,
 That body must be to the Devil hurl'd !

* The great Buck Henley, was guilty of this absurdity.

† This circumstance passed between the teeth of a Dentist and his wife.

Confess sweet soul before you reach the grave,
Have you not cuckol'd me?—"Yes, once, I
have."

But once!—"yes twice"—only dear Wife but
twice!

"Forgive dear Spouse, indeed, indeed but
"thrice."

Now all the good he gets of this good wife:
She wears the breeches, he the horns for life.

Life is a state of trial upon earth,
And virtue only gives immortal worth:
Woman is frail, and Man's apostate born,
Whom she should treat with all her sex's scorn;
Base are the deeds of Man to womankind,
But ills should not pervert the virtuous mind:
In spite of stratagem, allurements, need,
She that is virtuous still, is great indeed:
She that has virtue wears a coat of mail,
Which all the wiles of Vice cannot assail.
Whether 'tis ease in Man or thirst of gain,
Or vice in Woman, I will not maintain!
But be it which it may in both 'tis bad,
And feeble the excuse to call them mad!

If lustful passions lead the Dame astray,
 Or a vile Husband drive her out for pay!
 If vanity or dress allure her mind,
 To forfeit fame and letcher with Mankind!
 Or if to add a feather to his head,
 Spouse make her truckle to some Noble's bed!
 If one small spice of these is found in each,
 It needs no JEMMY TWITCHER to impeach:
 Curs'd is their state, nor should such base born
 slaves

Be earth'd, with common rogues in common
 graves.

A stinking Cuckold he, and she a Punk,
 In spite of Fl—r—, Dn—ln— and D—.

• Virtue in Woman's like the virgin snow;
 Which while it keeps it's purity and show,
 Maintains it's beauty: but one viscious flaw
 Fouls and destroys it like a sudden thaw.
 Woman will hold long sieges for a name,
 And like LUCRETIA bleed to raise a fame:
 No whining Preacher, nor no Courtiers lies,
 Tho' e'er so cunning, politick, or wise,
 No Soldier's glory, nor no miser's purse;
 Nor can the *Pope* with his eternal curse,

Frighten

Frighten a Woman to bestow her charms,
 Unmov'd she'll stand and Virtue all her arms.
 Her truth, her honour shall the world convince
 She's chaste ;—and yet she'll truckle to a Prince.
 But that is loyalty : you'll ne'er persuade
 Women that Kings can make them less a maid.
 Man they'll withstand — yet long for untast'd
 joy,

And then resign their bauble for a toy :
 All have their prices, Yarmouth prov'd the
 thing,

She stood the world, but could not stand a
 King.

Some Men are happy with a handsome wife,
 And many doubly wretched drag through life :
 Handsome and good, indeed are handsome
 things,

But how few these attend ! Beauty has wings,
 And in a breath is gone, and all her charms,
 When we think safe and virtuous in our arms.
 'Tis very strange the sudden flights she'll take,
 A Saint this moment, and the next a Rake.

Oh I could say such things would make ye weep,
 With Daughters Sires ; Brothers with Sisters
 sleep !

Many by incest thus to ruin fall,
And growing Sodomy will damn us all.

Enough of Women! Gods, it stabs my
heart,

When I'm to prove they've play'd th' adult'rous
part!

Oh, can you, after this flagitious rhyme,
Hail me the gentle NASO of my time!
VENUS attend thy am'rous Poet's pray'r,
If e'er my pen unjustly wounds the Fair,
Nine fold return the stab, I'll own it just,
From thee fair Queen of Beauty, Joy and Lust!

Enough of Woman!—H*n stand forth,
The smallest, greatest Cuckold in the North.
With little F——th, and less C——y,
That ye a lewd Triumverate may be, }
Like CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and ANTHONY;
In lewdness only, not in truth or sense,
To which you must allow you've no pretence;
Ye know not even the soft art of love,
As ev'ry strumpet upon town can prove!
Shame on such Senators, such green old Peers,
Old in debauchery, tho' young in years?

Have

THE DEMI-REP.

71

Have ye not Wives and Mistresses ?—yet still,
Go we to Ranelagh, or where we will
We find you there; for ye like jackalls prowl
About for prey, and smell at ev'ry hole.
At noon you're on the hunt, and in the dark
We find you fumbling in the streets or Park,
Sober; for it would be a praise if (drunk,
And some excuse for hugging of a punk.
Turn and observe the lux'ry of the times,
From high to low do we not study crimes?
What are our statesmen, but a venal crew,
Voting this day for me, the next for you?

When Rome at length, by various tempests
toft,
Her antient fame and liberty had lost,
A horse in Se—te sat; *here* let him sit,
He'll have more votes than Honesty or PITT!
WALPOLE, like old CALIGULA cou'd buy
You all if he had cash,—I cannot lie,
And call these golden days; I swear they're
worfe
Than those, which did the sons of Sodom
curse.

Such Leaders never Country had before,
Our very convicts blush on yonder shore;
Defy their palsied Mother, and dispute
The acts of *Twitcher*, H——, and B—.
There was a time when honest Members
came
To this great Town, to raise their Country's
fame:
Their souls all free, not venally profuse,
With twice sol'd shoes they stump'd it to the
House.
Wives staid at home, but now the turnpikes
bring,
All to learn vice, buy pins, and see the King;
'Tis on the turnpikes that we ought to rail,
The turnpikes where sin runs upon the nail.
Thus Vice and Luxury in days of yore
Sunk Rome, as Athens it had sunk before;
And England now at a strange je-hu rate,
Seems to be driving down the steep of Fate.
Thus have I seen at some snug Cit's abode,
Full in the dust upon the northern road,
The York post-coach from Highgate's lofty
brow,
Whirling and clatt'ring to the plain below.
Lechers,

Lechers, at least be *prudent* in this state,
Bring in your strumpets at the postern gate !
Nor strut in vice, amidst the day's bright glare,
To show mankind what little things ye are :
Give up these tinsel toys to idle youth,
And let the acts of falsehood, yield to truth.
With you the feats of Venus ill agree,
Leave those to SPENCER, HAMILTON and ME.

COOPER'S



COOPER'S WELL.

A

FRAGMENT.



COOPER'S WELL.

FRAGMENT.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
LORD ROCHESTER.

My LORD,

TH O' you have on several occasions heard me declare, when banished with our Royal Master, that I had promised his Father never to write any more, holding it a rule; that, nothing is more dangerous, than giving too loose a rein to Poetry; yet, knowing your Lordship's airy, pleasant disposition, and your skill and fame with the Maids of Parnassus, I thought I could not amuse you better, than in your own amorous way; especially, when I
had

had acquired praises more than my due on COOPER'S HILL; a Poem, written when I was not in the best health and spirits, and executed more in order to divert time, than to acquire Fame. But how I could so far sally out of my own common beaten path, to indulge a vein of this kind I cannot define: unless it may be attributed to a gayer time than I experienced in the reign of my late Royal Master. Love and Poetry certainly never flourished more than at present, and I hope we shall ever see halcyon days: no more clouds of discord and rebellion to darken and destroy this land: no more reliance on Scotch perfidy, and no more need to try the strength of their arms and purses. The World
with

DEDICATION. 79

with great justice may thing I write too well for John Denham; but can I my Lord write amiss when pupil to such a master as Waller. We have been at Hampton Court some days, and have laughed much at the conceits of this piece, or parody, for I meant it as such: beginning it, in the inspiring pigeon-houses of Harry Tudor: for no man can help being amorous when he reflects what beauties inhabited these places, no more than he dare write to Lord Rochester without a thought to Love and Venus. I dare not venture to shew the King my sentiments of a Well, he never found me in; nor, would I wish your Lordship so to do; unless you have more pressing reasons than myself. If I might lay a weight

on

80 DEDICATION.

on my desires, I would request your Lordship never to suffer these verses to pass your hand ; for I should be sorry that the world should ever suspect me of an amorous turn, at a time when I ought to think of a more distant Paradise. Your Lordship may repeat them with all your gaiety to your levee of Beauties,—with no more restriction, than leaving out the name of your

Most devoted humble Servant,

HAMPTON COURT,
August 9, 1667.

J. DENHAM.

THE

THE
EDITOR TO THE WORLD.

IT is very surprizing, how this parody on *Cooper's Well* could be so long hid from the eyes of the World; especially as numbers were indulged with reading it in manuscript. How I came by it, many will be curious to know; but as it is not immediately in my power, to make public the name of the illustrious person, amongst whose papers it was found; I hope the world will be content, and thankful to me, for presenting them a rare little Poem, which gave me much pleasure in

G the

the perusal. Lord Rochester returned an answer to the Knight, upon his sending this little piece for his perusal and amusement; but it carries with it so much of his Lordship's indelicate wit, that, I thought proper to omit it. The Motto, annexed to the Title, is the only part of the Letter I have preserved; which is as much *Rochester* as *Horace*. The Poem is delicately wove, and the allusions and metaphors are so clean and sweet, that it cannot fail to please the most chaste; and pass the judgment of the severest Criticks, without offending their modesty. Mr. Armstrong's thoughts, in his incomparable Poem of the *Oeconomy of Love*, are in many parts like it, not that I
 imagine

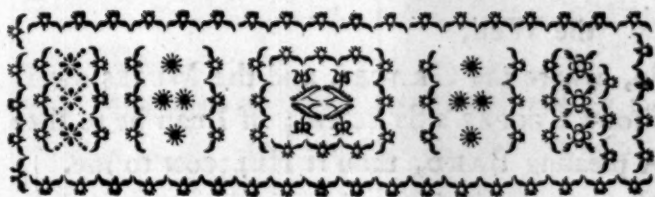
imagine that Gentleman had an opportunity of borrowing from Cooper's *Well*; however, if he has seen this piece in manuscript; he has improved upon the thoughts, without being guilty of any plagiarism. Amongst the numbers of amorous Poems thrown out in the reign of that amorous Monarch, none had the ease and delicacy of *Cooper's Well*. But what gave rise to such a subject is hard to determine—tho' it is probable, it was the name of *Cooper's Hill*, produced the idea of the *Well*.—Although I am sometimes inclined to believe, he meant to compliment, in a peculiar manner, some favourite Lady of the Shaftsbury family. However, these things are merely conjectural, and the real in-

tention (perhaps) only known to Mr. Waller and himself. I am surprized why Sir John Denham should lay any restrictions on Lord Rochester ; that he must not introduce it to his Majesty as a composition of his, when we find up and down his Works, that the King was very fond of him, and often gave him themes to write on ; and as this stile of writing was the taste of the Age, I can't discover what should make Sir John Denham so diffident. However, the thing in itself is so immaterial, that I shall leave the World to put what conjectures they please on the Matter, and divert themselves most agreeably for one half hour.

LONDON, 1767.

The EDITOR.

COOPER'S



COOPER'S WELL*.

Spiffa TE *nitidam* coma.

THEE Lovely with thy bushy hair.

SURE there are lovers which did never sip
The stream of VENUS ; nor did taste the lip
Of COOPER'S WELL ; we therefore may
suppose

Those made some Lovers, and some Lovers those :

* I am greatly divided whether this composition is really *Sir John Denham's*, altho' the manuscript strictly declares it such. I should rather conceive it to be some of the salacious Geniuses of that time, who wanted to vex the chaste Knight, by a parody on his *Cooper's-Hill* ; but tho' the thought and words have or have not, an obscene tendency, nevertheless they are so neatly rolled up, as to avoid offence to the chastest eye and ear.

86 COOPER'S WELL.

And as Wells make not Springs, but Springs
the Well,

So, where the GRACES, and the MUSES dwell
Flows COOPER'S STREAM; if I can be to thee
A pleasing BARD, thou'rt HELICON to me.
Nor wonder if (new pinion'd in my wing,
By bathing in thy sliding silver spring)
Through long trac'd ways, and shady paths I flie,
Where FANCY reaches further than the eye:
My wanton eye, with raptures views the space
That lies between; and first salutes the place
Crown'd with the softest moss, sweet shrubs,
and flowers;

Where, oft recline the greatest, gayest POWERS
Of earth; and near two snowy Mountains stand,
Which may be climb'd by each advent'roushand:
Below, a lovely, velvet Valley swells,
Where STRENGTH with BEAUTY, MARS with
VENUS dwells;

And to the eye it doth itself present,
With such an easy, and unforc'd ascent,
No horrors there appear to hurt the eye,
Nor access to the Fair and Young deny:
But such a gentle slope, as doth invite
A pleasure, rapture, rev'rence for the sight;
Below,

COOPER'S WELL. 87

Below, the BEAUTIES, and the GRACES dwell,
And the clear stream which trills from COOPER'S
WELL.

Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content,
Where I, my very happiest hours have spent.

HERE Nature seems in all intent to please,
In moving up and down varieties ;
Here soft delights from two soft causes move,
The cause of Beauty, and the cause of Love.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The Sower's hopes ;—or mock the Ploughman's
toil ;

But Nature's gentle bounties gently run,
First love to do—then love the thing they've
done ;

Nor are the blessings to the banks confin'd,
But free, and common as the sea, and wind.—
O could I flow like thee, and make my theme,
As strong and lasting as thy purling stream !
Upon thy charms I would for ever dwell,
And only bathe within my COOPER'S WELL.—

HERE all the roughness of the creeping Wood,
Strives with the gentle oozings of the flood.

88 COOPER'S WELL.

And tho' the stream's transparent, deep and
clear,

Yet had the boy NARCISSUS gazed here ;
He had not met with such a sad disgrace,
Had he the bottom seen, and not his face ;
This lovely place, had the OVIDIAN YOUTH
Beheld of Yore, how he had stretch'd the mouth
Of Love, with am'rous tales of swains, and
Dames,

And Priapus the God of female Flames ;
Here had he prais'd young Cupid and his
Courts ;

For hither all the horned host resorts
To frisk, to wanton, gambol, bathe and graze,
And Nature's master-piece sublimely raise :
Which only proves great things beneath the
sun,

When quickly rear'd as quickly are undone.
Thus an imperious Statesman, I could name,
By one deep motion sunk himself in shame :
How blest when both to the same centre
move,

When one gives Liberty, the other Love.—

Thus,

COOPER'S WELL. 89

Thus, SEM'LE grasping more than she could
hold,

Made JOVE oppressive, insolent, and bold ;
Unthinking Dame ! to force a God to give
More, than he made a mortal to receive :
The action prov'd—things carry'd to excess,
Made both, by striving to be greater, less :
Thus COOPER'S WELL, if swell'd by sudden
rains,

May drown the ploughman—ploughing in her
Plains,

He on her banks, no longer holds his seat,
Half drown'd—and shrunk, he trusts unto his
feet.

THIS is the place, where LOVE and BEAUTY
roam

To spend their little matters free at home :
O ! LOVE all eloquent, thy mighty sway,
Maids, Monarchs, Coblers, equally obey ;
Thy poignant dart made rapid with a feather,
Pierces alike the sole, the upper leather :
Nought can resist thy sharp, thy gentle touch,
THEE all obey in little, and in much :

Women

90 COOPER'S WELL.

Women and men confess thy soft command,
And spread their Sovereign's image thro' the
land ;

Enraptur'd fall where e'er the arrow's sped,
The daïsied Meadow, or the damask'd Bed ;
Such is thy sovereign power, thy sovereign sway,
BEAUTY, fair ruler of the night and day.

Hail ! gentle Empress hail ! to mortals given ;
BEAUTY thou first, thou fairest work of Heaven.
Of Men and Angels, thou sweet wonder,
deign

To aid the Lover, and the Poet's strain :
Inspire my verse, inspire my am'rous tongue,
Till praise, thy due, breathes musical in song !
Inspire the MUSE, that she may soar above
All meaner waters, to the spring of Love !
Whether CYTHERA fam'd, or IDA sing ?
The MUSE impatient seeks the silver spring.

BOLD's the attempt,—but what won't BEAU-
TY turn ?

If even ILLIUM was again to burn ;
If the whole globe itself was Beauty's foe,
The Globe I'd burn ; or would aspiring shew ;

Like

COOPER'S WELL. 91

Like PARIS, with dear VENUS on my side,
How HECTOR fought, and how ACHILLES
dy'd.

BOLD be th' attempt ! yet will I boldly sing,
And with a quill indite from CUPID's wing :
In these chaste days what cause for fears, or
frights,

When CHARLES will run to read what Denham
writes !

In these chaste days, when essays please the ears
Of Monarchs, Bishops, Ministers and Peers ;
When men, flagitious men, are rais'd to place,
For acts of lewdness, not for acts of grace :
And one because of a more pious soul,
Sets up a chaste High-Steward to the whole :
In such chaste days, must I refuse to tell,
Of all the Beauties round my COOPER'S WELL.

THEN tell my MUSE, for thou, or none
can't tell ;
The hidden Mystries of that sacred Well,
Where WILMOT sprung, and oft' where WIL-
MOT dy'd ?

The Well which swallow'd old *Illium's* pride :

A Well,

92 COOPER'S WELL.

A Well, as deep as nine times day and night,
 A Well, unfathom'd by the sons of light:
 A Well, tho' deep and dark, yet smooth and
 strait,

A Well, frequented by the brave and great:
 A Well, where ADAM lav'd in days of Yore,
 A Well, where Bishops dabble, and adore:
 Confess'd by Connoisseurs whom pleasures
 move,

The bliss of mortals, is the Well of love.

SEATED within a Grot of make divine,
 Built without mortar, chisel, rule, or line:
 Soft moss without; of lively crimson hue
 The canopy, the architect, more true
 Than ever Michael Angelo or Wren
 Design'd, or finish'd for the proudest Men.
 Such seems the lovely place, made only proud,
 To be the bearer of a royal load;
 Than which, a nobler weight no mountain
 bears,

But Juno who supports the king of spheres.
 When nature's hand this spot did thus advance,
 'Twas guided by a wiser Pow'r than chance;

Mark'd

COOPER'S WELL. 93

Mark'd out for softest use, as if 'twere meant
That man and fortunes here, should both be
spent.

Nor can we call it choice ; when what we chuse,
The coldest apathy cou'd not refuse.

HIGH on two alabaster pillars rear'd
(Which Popes have kiss'd, and Infidels rever'd)
The grotto was ; where men of all degrees
Present their largest off' rings on their knees ;
But gen'rous Love returns a little loth
Layers, in hopes of a luxuriant growth.
So tradesmen wishing to encrease their store,
Give you good weight to have your custom
more.

SOFT, Mossy Grotto, exquisitely fair,
The work of JOVE himself, and man's chief
care :

O ! how thou tempting smiles, t'attempt the
small

Ascent, accessible to one : but all
Alternate climb the little snowy Hill,
And when obtain'd, enjoy it to their fill.

Mid-

94 COOPER'S WELL,

Mid-way one Entrance leads, that Entrance
small,

Which all mankind have pass'd to gain this
Ball :

And tho' the Entrance won't admit the day,
Still in obscurity it's truly gay :

The end unknown :—altho' the strict employ
Of men of Courage, and of men of Joy :
Thousands have toil'd to reach the endless goal,
And all in striving spent their mighty all ;
Returning faint, without their former might ;
Praising the joys of darkness more than light.

Around grew wanton shrubs, of various hue,
In wanton tufts, seem'd wanton as they grew :
Luxuriant creeping as they dangl'd o'er

To kiss the borders of the flowery shore :
In this neat Grotto, thro' a dark Alcove,
Rises the spring of COOPER'S WELL, and
Love ;

(Where the blind, purpled pinion'd Prince of
hearts,

Hangs up his armory, shields, quivers, darts :)
Which in a gentle rill, runs gently through
The nether tufts, and wets each pendent
bough ;

Oft on these boughs a thousand airy things,
 When tir'd with bathing, dry their little wings :
 Prolifick stream ! which can at once give
 Breath

To various Creatures, and eternal death :
 Thrice powerful stream, which can destroy
 and save,

And prove at once the cradle and the grave ;
 No wonder why ye so desirous cling,
 To hold a Manor near so fair a spring :
 O ! could I change my state, and with ye
 dwell

Within the borders of my COOPER'S WELL ;
 All my possessions in this world I'd give,
 To only die, where you are known to live.
 Prolifick stream, and more prolifick fry,
 Where myriads quicken, and where myriads
 die.

O ! could I flow like thee, and make thy
 stream

My only pass-time, as it is my theme ;
 Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not
 dull ;

And like the Thames too pleases most when
 full.

Heaven,

Heaven, shall no more her *Via lactis* * boast,
 Her Fame in thy more milky current lost :
 Thy gentle stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
 Shine with the stars, and bathe the Heathen
 Gods.

O ! it shall flow to th' world's extreamest ends,
Endless itself, its azure stream extends.

Yes, shalt thou flow thro' sword, or time, or
 fire,

Or lust and zeal more fierce than they, conspire,
 Secure, whilst thee the best of POETS sings,
 Enjoy'd and nourish'd by the best of KINGS.

HERE, the thick roughness of the mossy
 wood,

Yields to the gentle thrillings of the flood :

Such wide extremes, here, Nature doth unite,
 That none can view them but must feel delight.

The stream's so milky, silky, strong and clear,
 That, CHARLES himself bathes here the silken
 year.

* The milky way.

COOPER'S WELL. 97

Oft' have I known the King, when great
affairs

Call'd him to Council; here, unfix'd from
cares,

Enraptur'd bathe his sturdy limbs, and dwell
Supinely, kindly, within COOPER'S WELL.

The shrubs which grew around the brim, he
made

His soft retreat, where no man durst invade

His soft repose, so freed from all alarms

By turns he lives, and dies in Beauty's arms.

Love, and Enjoyment, thus, like war and
peace,

Are each the others ruin, and encrease.

COOPER, thy Well long fam'd, long known
the best,

Between the civil East, and savage West :

The mighty pow'r it has, the stream it makes,

Reduces other streams, to common jakes ;

A stream superior to all min'ral streams,

If streams are priz'd by matter like our themes :

If min'ral tincts give Beauties to a rill,

What rill can tinct like thine, what current
trill ?

98 COOPER'S WELL.

IRIS, herself in all her wat'ry pride,
Falls short of thy more variegated tide :
Can WILMOT paint, or less renowned Gage,
(The great map-jobber of the present age)
A map of various dyes, with all this skill,
As the smart stream which runs from COOPER'S-
RILL.

No more shall he those various colours boast,
Their fame in thy metallic stream is lost :
Thine shall mæander, and like ARETHUSE,
Receive ALPHEUS at a secret sluice :
Thine shall surpass the muddy stygian pool,
Where Mother THETIS dip'd her * Hero Fool :
Nay, that fair stream, when he could passion's
feel,
Where he, more wanton bath'd his mortal † heel.
Thine too shall raise more wonder in the land,
Than that which bubbled o'er a golden ‡ sand :

* *Achilles, filius ex Thetide.*

† *Ab Ulysse in aula Regis Lycomedis detectus.*

*Il fait telliment aime de la Princess Deidamie,
Fille du Roi, qu'elle lui avoit permis de l'engrosser.—*

‡ *Pactolus, a river of Lydia, rising out of the hill
Tmolus, where Midas washed off his foolish wish.*

More

COOPER'S WELL. 99

More golden thine with more attractive power,
When gently trilling in the darling hour.
Be not inquisitive the depth t'explore,
Search not the bottom, but survey the shore.
Nor shall SCAMANDER'S * stream, which Ho-

MER sings,

Surpass the power of thy relaxing springs ;
But what a pause hath old SCAMANDER made ;
Like City Wells dry'd up by too much trade.
Thus thirsty time insatiate drinks, and dries
The streams we love, the flood-gates to our
joys.

But when these currents (where the Great have
div'd,

The stoutest fainted, tho' they bravely striv'd,
Emollient Baths where mighty Gods and Kings,
Have bath'd their members, and ador'd the
springs)

Are dry'd of all, but heavy casual rains :

O ! what a yawning chasm alas ! remains !

* A river of Troas, rising out of mount Ida ; and enters the Archipelago opposite the isle of Tenedos.

100 COOPER'S WELL.

A chasm more dark, a chasm more deep, and
streight,
Something like that, when, Satan's hellish
weight,

Bore him with such velocity from light,
"Nine times the space which measures day
and night."

An hideous place where hoary weeds are found,
Where, no kind dews revive the unplough'd
ground.

Where, Nature's choicest seeds will never grow,
Where, Beauty fades, and Flowers have
ceas'd to blow :

'Tis thus with Beauty—not with COOPER'S
WELL,

When age appears, the GRACES bid farewell :
Smiles then are vain, when ev'ry dimple sleek,
In wrinkles lengthen down the wither'd cheek ;
When age has giv'n the rose the winter nip,
And all the cherry quits the pouting lip ;
When CUPID steals his Quiver from the eye,
To youth belong the little feats of joy :
Age must resign, nor Lovers ever prove ;
When Youth, and Beauty, quit thy Grotto
Love.

Let

COOPER'S WELL. 101

Let more religious pastimes court your ease,
For with these travel all the arts to please !

BUT dire mishaps like these can never dwell
Within the circle of my COOPER'S WELL;
Where blushing flowers are timely seen to blow,
And seeds prolific most luxuriant grow;
Where streams mæander, and where Fountains
play,

And smiles and sun-shine sport the live-long
day :

Where am'rous sighs steal gently o'er the calm,
And softly whisper, whence they stole their
balm :

Where softest motions, softest musick suit,
Beyond the GERMAN, or the DORIAN Flute :
Musick which gives emotion to the heart,
A fainting flutter, and a pleasing smart.
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.

No more of past'als, and Elysian Bow'rs,
No more of ENNA, or of ENNA'S Flow'rs :
No more of spreading roots, or thriving seeds,
Of weeping Willows, or of whistling reeds ;

102 COOPER'S WELL.

No more of gentle ARETHUSA's streams,
The Poet's fancies, or the Lover's dreams !
Those roots, those seeds, those streams, and
blushing flow'rs,

Those weeping Willows, and those roseate
Bow'rs ;

Are now excell'd by COOPER's Flow'rs, and
Streams,

By COOPER's Fancies, and by COOPER's
Dreams.

O ! Love triumphant, could I but recount,
The thousands which have lav'd in Beauty's
fount !

Vain is th' attempt :—suffice it then to sing,
That ADAM bath'd in the attractive spring ;
That first good man the first example gave,
And we with joy, and filial rev'rence have
In soft gradation swam with life and limb,
And still progressive, and obedient swim.

No more of Woodstock or of Hampton's
Bow'rs,
Where HARRY TUDOR rank'd the first of
flow'rs :

Where

COOPER'S WELL. 103

Where amorous CHARLES sows out imperial
seeds,

And then transplants them forth to run to weeds ;

No more of Jets, Ah Ahs, and rough Cascades,

Of tinkling Rills, and aromatic Shades ;

No more of grottos, or sequester'd cells,

Of conic arches, or unfathom'd Wells ;

Here Priests in happy contemplations dwell,

It is religion, and religion's cell ;

No more of ruin's nodding in the air,

Compos'd of stones that ever want repair ;

No more of breathing Statues cut in stone,

Or speaking Pictures by a Raphael drawn.

Above all Bowers, COOPER's Bowers rise,

And ev'ry Ah Ah, this Ah Ah outvies ;

The rill more tinckles, and the shade's more
sweet,

The Grot's more cool, and deeper's the retreat :

The Arch more conic, and the Well more deep,

(If we may credit those who've try'd the steep :)

The strongest stones this Well reduces too,

And like * AMPHION raises them anew :

H 4

Statues,

* Amphion played so well on the *harp*, and moved so
regularly the stones, that, they compos'd the City of
THEBES.

DiEus

Statues, nor Pictures, can such charms excell,
For all who see it sigh for COOPER'S WELL.

Cætera Desiderantur.

Dictus et Amphion, Thebanae conditor urbis,

Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blandæ

Ducere quò vellet.——HOR : DE ARTE POET.

Amphion play'd so well the Theban riggle,
He made their stones to skip, their Girls to giggle :
His pipe and tabor touch'd so much the blood,
The merry Piper did what e're he wou'd.

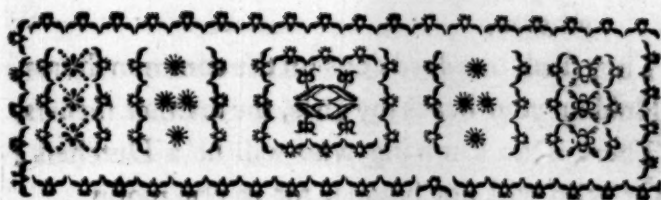
MERE-



MERETRICIOUS
MISCELLANIES.



MISCELLANIES



A N

EPITHALAMIUM

On the MARRIAGE of

SUDLEY and BEERPINT.

MARCH, 1769.

YE little Gods and Goddesſes attend,
From Pimlico, May Fair, and gay Mile-
End!

From foul Mount Pleasant pray reſort in pairs,
And eke from Billingsgate to Whitehall ſtairs !
From Cold Bath fields, from Hockley in the hole,
From every gin'bread, apple, oyſter ſtall !
Who knows the fortune of a louſy calf,
The fate of greaſy Deborah and Ralph :

Whores

Whores now are maids, and maids are common
whores,

They stink like dead dogs on the common shores,
Hold up your heads my girls, the manner such-is,
There is no knowing who will be a Dutcheß !
Or who will not be one, for in one moon
Marriage is sugar sweet and melts as soon.
For Dukes obtain from Dutcheß' divorce,
Sooner than I can mount upon my horse :
But here attend ye little sooty jades,
And reeling bring your ragged, rough-spun
blades,

Here with your breaths of anniseed and gin,
Suck in this bridal song and thus begin.
Sudley and Beerpint now together dream,
Catch it, ye alleys, and ye bunters scream !

Think what encouragement is this to sport,
All play at push-pin who attend at C——
Put and All-fours, and ape my Lady's hole,
Is followed tightly by each able soul.
And where's the myst'ry Moll of such a plan,
You've beat Ned oftner than e'er Ned beat Nan ;
Upon an oyster barrel have I seen,
You, and he play—as black as the club Queen,
An

An inch of candle stuck upon the side,
 Hugging with rapture you his amorous bride ;
 Have I not seen these freaks in alleys dire,
 Where coals n'er wander'd to afford a fire ;
 And yet the fire of Love in dirt and rags,
 Beats Sudley's virtue and her Beerpint's bags ;
 Catch it ye Duftmen, spread abroad the theme,
 Ye gutters roll it down your shallow inky
 stream.

A whiten'd barber from the lengthen'd
 Strand,
 Lead forth a Chimney-sweeper in each hand !
 And let them bear within their sooty paws,
 Sheets of white paper with the marriage laws !
 Let ev'ry ballad woman next be found,
 Between old Jews-place and St. Giles's Pound !
 Concordant and discordant let them scream,
 Thro' every street the happy bridal theme !
 The chorus form'd of Covent Garden breed,
 By various fathers of the Bagnio feed,
 Ye mob devour it like a Gossip's dream,
 Ye kennels catch the sound, and roll it down
 the stream !

Let

Let BUCKHORSE hold in St. Pulchre's porch,
 A candle in a stick, as Hymen's torch;
Conjugal precepts * let our Langhorne preach,
 And work a wonder; such, to Courtiers teach!
 And as he's full of prodigies and wonder,
 Sighs, groans, effusions, ditties, throes, and
 thunder,

Let him take *gentle Hymen* by the fist,
 And gabble marriage o'er to those who list,
 He may perhaps renew miss Fanny's * ghost,
 Or move old Newgate to a clearer coast,
 Such things by priests have oft been done before,
 Witness old Thebes, old Jericho of yore:
 If Doctor Langhorne doth in these succeed,
 He will deserve a mitre for a meed.
 Attempt, dear Doctor do, the bridal theme,
 Your own dear dull Review will roll it ream
 by ream.

In Leister-Fields, before great Saville house,
 Where beggars tune a stave, and crack a louse;

* A publication to a Lady on her marriage.

† Cock Lane.

Where

Where many a mucky brat is pinch'd to cry,
And draw the charity of passers by!

Where, "black your Honour, buy pomatum"
found,

And twenty different songs at once abound:

Where Quack Doctors in gold and silver shine,
And Harlots court ye for a glass of wine:

Where clowns stand gaping often 'till they're
lick'd,

And listening wenches have their pockets
pick'd:

Where our good Dowager did once resort,

Until she found it was too far from Court:

Where thousands pass for business, pleasure,
fun,

Some to undo because they are undone:

Here stop awhile, and hear my bridal theme,

And spread it gen'ral round, adown my Thames's
stream.

Ye Hackney Coachmen, who take ev'ry
pride,

To Blackguard those who do not chuse to ride;

And ye who ply for Wilkes and Brentford
Town,

Where seeds of Liberty are only sown;

Who

Who like mad phaetons more furious drive,
 If you're inspired and chalk'd with XLV.
 Sing the soft theme as through the dust you
 roll,

And Siren like you'll bilk the greedy toll !
 Warble the gentle strains as you advance,
 And quite through Knight'sbridge make your
 Cattle dance ;

A word ye snotty sons of Knight'sbridge hear !
 Move from Hyde park those emblematic Deer !
 Their branching horns are Dignity's disgrace,
 They run their antlers full into our face :
 For ever blot it from the bridal theme,
 And may she ebb with joys like Thames's mo-
 ving stream.

Ye nosegay Girls who bother all ye meet,
 Unbind your flow'rs and spread them at her
 feet.

She cannot tread as Goddesses have trod,
 Upon the common, vulgar, verdant sod ;
 Roses and myrtles strew before her steps,
 And hail her mighty Queen of Demi-reps ;

She'll

She'll add new fragrance to the herbs ye
strew,

So bright a yellow, Sun-flowers never blew :
Tho' she's a blossom 'tis not colly-flow'r,
Her charms have flood the patt'ring of the
show'r ;

They're worse for rain and time, and time
and rain,

Yet each cosmetick summer blow again :

Thy vi'lets Flora ne'er were half so sweet,

Thy deeds in Rome my Sudley's never beat :

Thou art a Goddess and an empty dream,

She is the world's great talk, the poet's theme.

Thy treasure bought thee footing in the skies,

She means to spend her all before she dies :

Thy spendings Flora in the days of Rome,

Made thee a star—which cannot be her doom ;

She shines below too much, to shine above,

She's quite a bankrupt in the trade of Love,

So long she used it—she has worn it out,

As erst she cannot bear it now about—

To please the Gods indeed she'll be too stale,

The long drawn bottom of a draught of ale.

'Twill not go down—tho' e'er so thirsty grown,
 We seek a fresher tap around the town.
 But yet this wedding does deserve esteem,
 Carrol Bawds, Harlots, Nose-gay Girls the
 bridal theme!

An Imitation of the 10th Elegy of the second book of the Amours of that meretricious, polite, ROMAN GENTLEMAN,

PUBLIUS NASO OVID.

REMEMBER GEORGE, with warmth
 'twas said by you,
 No Man at once could be in love with Two.
 Deceived by you: unarm'd—I had no fears;
 But now, in love with two o'er head and ears.
 They both are handsome; and, they both dress
 well;
 But which I cannot say doth most excell.
 My heart for this, then that, alternate burns,
 By Heav'n I love these Angels in their turns.
 Thus like a ship the sport of wind and tide,
 My heart divided beats from side to side.
 Why would you LOVE redouble thus my smart,
 One pretty Girl's enough to tease one heart?
 LOVE brought to ME—is bringing leaves to
 trees,
 Stars to the skies, and waters to the seas;

116 MISCELLANIES.

I'm full; 'tis better than to've none at all;
 Let that damn'd curse my Enemies befall.
 This curse attend my foe (if I have one)
 To deeply love, and yet to lie alone.
 LOVE from my senses every slumber move,
 O! make me active on the bed of Love?
 If one sweet Girl my manhood can subdue,
 Let her—if not—then bring me sweeter two.
 Fine slender limbs with me and love suffice,
 I want no vigour, but I may want size.
 Desire still fans the flame, if strength does
 fade,
 No Beauty slept with me and rose a maid.
 Oft' have I spent in Love a luscious night,
 And rose next morning eager for the fight:
 Blest are those lives which mutual raptures
 spend,
 Give me, ye Gods! so wish'd, so sweet an
 end!
 Let the tough Soldier glory in his scars,
 And search for *Honour* in the fields of Mars;
 Let him who thirsts for riches cruize the main,
 Let him, when ship-wreck'd sink and drink his
 gain.

Let

MISCELLANIES. 117

Let me in Love's soft battles fall a slave,
And dig with rapture there my own soft grave.
Some feeling Fair, shall at my *Exit* cry,
“ Thus did he live, thus did my *NASO* die.”

THE BEE AND POLLY. 1764.

PRETTY POLLY ran to see,
Pretty Chicks the hen had hatch'd;
As she went a saucy Bee,
POLLY's honey'd beauties watch'd.

“ Gracious heart ! see where it flies ?
Down poor PRETTY POLLY drop'd,
Screaming ! it has stung my thighs,
But where has the villain hop'd ?”

She call'd catch it, sob'd and wept;
I shall never this survive !
I look'd, but found the Bee had crept,
Into little Cupid's hive.

THE WARMING PAN.

THE Coach arriv'd, impatient all
For diff'rent things begin to call!

But I, who have no trade

But LOVE, for sweeter morsels try;

I search, and fix an am'rous eye,

Upon the CHAMBER MAID.

I wait, and catch her as she flies

From Room to Room, with eager eyes:

"My Dear permit my aid!"

I seize her and she cries a-done,

I kiss her quick, and let her run;

The pretty CHAMBERMAID.

The supper comes, and BETTY GROVE,

'Tis HEBE waiting upon Jove;

The reck'ning next is paid,

Yawning the Passengers retire,

I, burning like the kitchen fire,

For BETTY CHAMBERMAID.

Knelling,

Kneeling, my bed the Beauty warms,
When furious I attack her charms :

“ Get out you naughty Man !”

The port is gain'd by quick surprise,
I kiss, she kicks, and faintly cries,

“ O ! move the warming-pan !”

There—there, again—the bed—it burns,

I move,—she moves—we move by turns,

“ What are you at dear Man ?”

Hush ! there's a noise—the bed—the joy,

Hark !—hark ! how sweet my amorous Boy,

Hold there — the warming-pan.

When e'er I pass the high North road,

I knock at Betty's soft abode,

Where happy I am laid :

The neatest Inn, the softest thatch,

And tell me, where a place can match,

My Pretty CHAMBERMAID.

An Epigram written by the celebrated
 Mons. VOLTAIRE, on Madam POM-
 PADOUR being made Mistress to
 LEWIS the Fifteenth,

TELLE autre fois cette heureuse Grifette,
 Qui la Nature, ou l'art forma,
 Pour le bordel ou bien pour L'opera ;
 Qu'ne Maman avisée & discrete,
 Au noble lit d'un Fermier éleva :
 Mais que l'Amour, d'une main plus adroite,
 Entre les bras d'un Monarque plaça.

IMITATED.

IN early youth this lovely maid,
 By art and nature form'd to please,
 In Brothel, Cot, or Masquerade,
 And captivate each heart with ease.
 Whom, her Mama discreet and wise,
 Intended for a Farmer's bed ;
 But LOVE, a better judge of eyes,
 Gave to a King her Maidenhead.

EPI-

EPIGRAM.

The Marriage of Margaret and Moses.

MARG'RET to Moses wed, and pray'd
to God,
Her spouse might have both Aaron's beard and
rod.

The

The following Epitaph was pin'd to a
Lady's bed curtains upon her Wed-
ding Night.

Hic Jacet STELLA.

LÆTA spe carnis resurrectionis :

Eximiae puella pulchritudinis,

Miræ sua vitatis, comitatisque :

Nulla venustas animo deficit.

Nullus corpori dicor,—Amorem

In omni ciebat pectore,

Egregia sua sibi soli

Latuere merita.

Tandem in illius senum recepta.

Quem maximè concupiverat :

Lubènter naturæ persolvens debitum,

Placide obdormit.

ENG-

ENGLISHED.

Here lieth STELLA,
In the joyful hope of the resurrection of the flesh;
A virgin of surpassing beauty,
No charm was wanting to compleat her mind,
No ornament her body;
The fire of love she stir'd in ev'ry breast:
Yet to herself was all this worth unknown.
Folded at last within the arms of him
She most desir'd,
NATURE she joyfully repaid,
And,
Pleasing sunk to rest.

A G A I N.

Beneath these stones sweet STELLA lies,
Fill'd with the hope the flesh will rise:
By beauty fashion'd, knowledge led,
In manners elegantly bred.
To heav'n no girl look'd with such grace,
So perfect in her mind, and face,
She, love in every breast inspir'd,
Nor knew it tho' the world admir'd.

Folded

Folded at last within the arms
 Of him, she pray'd might have her charms.
 That nature, Nature gave she paid,
 Sigh'd with a smile and pleasing laid.

ROGER AND MOLLY.

BENEATH a weeping willow's shade,
 Melting with love fair Molly laid,
 Her cows were feeding by:
 By turns she knit, by turns she sung,
 While ever flow'd from Molly's tongue:
 "How deep in love am I."

Young Roger chanc'd to stroll along,
 And hearing Molly's am'rous song,
 And now and then a sigh:
 Straight o'er the hedge he made his way,
 And join'd with Molly in her lay;
 "How deep in love am I!"

The quick surprize made Molly blush,
 "How rude, she cried;—now pray be hush?"

"Yet

- “ Yet show’d a yielding eye:
 “ My needle’s bent,—my worsted’s broke,
 “ Roger, I only meant in joke,
 “ How deep in love am I.”
- “ You’re rude—get out—I won’t be kist,
 “ Pray don’t—yes do?—begone—persist!
 “ Roger, I vow I’ll cry!
 “ What are you at?—you rogueish swain?
 “ He answer’d in a dying strain:
 “ How deep in love am I.”
-

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

WITH all the rapture which can fire
 love’s breast,
 I kept the hour design’d to make me blest:
 Courtier ne’er watch’d so much the monarch’s
 nod,
 Pilgrim ne’er sought with greater zeal his God:
 Each petticoat that rustled by, my heart
 Bounded as if ’twould from its centre start!
 To ev’ry form spied by the glimm’ring lamp
 I ran, which seen, but caus’d a greater damp:
 Wearied

126 MISCELLANIES:

Wearied at length, sore vex'd, and chill'd my
 flame,
 I turn'd,—for damn the JILT she never came.

A PARODY.

IN infancy I knew a spot,
 Where flowers ne'er had blown ;
 Where creeping moss had never got,
 Where seed was never sown.
 But when to years maturer grown,
 The spot was deck'd with flowers,
 Seed flourish'd whensoever sown,
 And lik'd reviving showers.

Within this little snug retreat,
 A cooling fountain plays :
 Here, Venus did Narcissus treat,
 And spent their youthful days.
 The stream, they nam'd the milky way,
 Cause of its cooling pow'r,
 Here TITUS sigh'd to lose a day !
 And I to lose an hour.

Around

Around this fount a shady grove,
To lovely Venus dear :
Where all the loves and graces rove,
And wanton all the year.
The only grove where Ida's dove,
Is known to build her nest :
Wherein the little God of love,
Creeps, from his mother's breast.

A smoother plain, beyond the fount
Extends than TEMPE sweet,
Whereon appears a little mount,
Which Cupid makes his seat.
Two snowy mountains rise above,
Fairest beneath the skies :
Which Venus nam'd the hills of love,
Because, when prest they rise.

LYDY — Churning.

B RIM full of love fat Lydy fat,
Cheeks like a blooming plumb;
Sweating with all a maiden's strength,
To make the butter come.

In vain the chern'd, in vain the try'd;
 O would our Roger come!
 For nothing but a Roger's strength,
 Can make my butter come.

Within the pantry Roger skulk'd,
 And heard this am'rous hum;
 Then fixing fast on Lydy's chern,
 He made her butter come.

Lydy cried out—O Roger,—on—
 That day may I be dumb;
 If once I toil—when you so soon,
 Can make my butter come.

A N

E P I T A P H,

Written in the year 1766,

Upon the DEATH and Burial of a MAID.

BENEATH these stones a lovely Maid's
repos'd,

Who, while alive a secret ne'er disclos'd :

She on her back is still supinely laid,

The pious posture of a dying Maid.

On the DEATH of

KITTY FISHER.

OF St. Peter 'twas said in the days of the
Jews,
In Judea no Fisher could stand in his shoes:
But this I'll affirm, and I'm sure with no drift:
That he, ne'er like St. Kitty, was put to the shift!
Nay, I'll bett Bishop Warburton fifty to ten,
He, never like her, was the Fisher of Men.

A

Translation of some Part of the first Book

O F

VOLTAIRE'S PUCELLE d'ORLEANS.

O F Saints you bid me sing—'tis all in vain,
My voice is feeble, and withal prophane.
Sing, then O! sing of JOAN the fair, the fine,
Who did, 'tis said, such prodigies divine!
She first establish'd with her virgin hands,
The Flow'r-de-luce, the pride of Gallia's lands;
The branch she stole, left England in the lurch,
And canoniz'd it in the Rheimean church.
She shew'd in all a pious, lovely face,
Was known to be the Rowland of her Race.
For vig'rous courage she surpass'd all praise,
Beneath the placket and within the stays.
O grant an ev'ning for a wanton feat,
The Wench as fair as mutton, and as sweet.
Great Joan of Arc a lyon's heart possess'd,
You'll see it plainly, do but read the rest!

K 2

You'll

132 MISCELLANIES.

You'll tremble at such acts, such mighty feats,
Rare 'mongst the rarests : but, amidst her heats
This was the lab'ring work, the grand affair,
To keep her little maidenhead a year.

A

SMOCK IN THE TEETH.

THE magick charms which smile beneath
the smock,

Have Romans brought to the Tarpeian rock :
Wisdom's white hairs have into exile drove,
And the world's Conquerors dissolv'd in Love.
The first great quarrel was for HELEN's charms,
And her white smock drew all the Greeks in
arms :

Ten bloody years TROY stood the adverse shock,
And ow'd at last her ruin to a smock.

To save *this smock* was all the Trojan's pride,
The Greeks fought with it in their teeth, and
died.

When smock inspir'd, the Bard he sung the
best,

Without it OVID's works had had no zest:
Give Bays to Bards, to Kings the laurel wreath,
But let me have the smock within my teeth !

WILKES'S

WILKES'S RIGGLE.

A NEW COUNTRY DANCE,

As danc'd. by all the Folks of Fashion, at the
fashionable end of the Town, in the year
1769.

THE set was select, for the Dancers were
chose,

For their beauties, their passions, and not for
their cloaths ;

Some small altercation the Belles did advance,
Who should stand at the top and lead down the
new Dance ;

But that was remov'd, when young Ofs—y
came

With a Dutches, divorc'd for the strength of
her flame.

Lady Sarah the sweet, and lord William stood
next,

But Sir Charles kept his seat and look'd dam-
nably vext.

Kitty

Kitty Hunter, Lord Pem—e supplied the
next places,

Tho' third of the Fair—had the fairest of
faces ;

She will out-dance old Venus—the Muses—
and Graces.

Sweet B—l—ke looked both kind and askance,
My Lord, he kept teasing my Lady to dance ;
With raptures he star'd, and with raptures he
swore,

Since, he lost her he lov'd her by Heavens the
more.

Pretty P—t, 'twas a pity look'd down with
some shame,

Two gabbering Plenipos laid in their claim ;
And she was too kind to refuse or to blame.

Mrs. G—r stood up, but they all 'gan to pout,
A woman like her, to attend such a rout,
When Panton bawl'd out he'd lay fifty to ten,
That she out-danc'd the women, and tir'd all
the men :

O ! let her they cried with a sneer and a giggle,
Who knows but she'll shine in the new fashion
riggle.

136 MISCELLANIES.

M—t and D—l were both fairer than milk,
The one in white sattin, the other black silk :
One coo'd like a pidgeon, one look'd like a
rook,

Together they danc'd, as they out danc'd the
Duke.

Lady W—e appear'd very low in the sett,
Enough faith to put e'en a Queen in a pet ;
She pouted, and thought she had right to re-
buke,

I will be at top as I jig with a Duke.

The Dutchess of K——n appear'd very low,
For one who had made such a bustle and show ;
But, 'twas time to grow cool since she put on the
wife,

'Tis the Devil to dance in the autumn of life :
Beneath this fair covey stood dame H—n,
Like *St. George* and a *Soldier* my Lord B—n :
Lady V— made an effort to dance the first
sett,

Tho' ready to faint at the thoughts of a sweat.
Like *Flora* my Lady Ann H——n stood,
A fine luscious armfull of beauty and blood:

She

Shedanc'd witha Scot, but his name is no matter,
As handsome as Arne faith, and not a deal
fatter.

Lady A—r, and S—t—e were brighten'd with
red,

But were grave that young *Billy* and *Neddy*
were dead.

The musick well tun'd, and the fett quite
compleat,

Each drew on his gloves, and then chalk'd o'er
his feet ;

The whisper went round, and the girls 'gan
to giggle,

When Ofs'-y bawl'd out—come, come give us
the riggle ?

He led her down as light as cork,

When she began to giggle ;

And said at ev'ry step and jerk,

Play up Wilkes's riggle.

Lead two couple down my Lord !

“ Very well upon my word.

Now cross over figure in !

“ To have lost it were a sin;

138 MISCELLANIES.

To the top lead up again !

“ Charming, charming, gallant swain.

Hands around my pretty troop !

“ Lady Sarah mind your hoop ;

“ Who in one can dance with ease ?

Hands across pray if you please !

“ Lord ! that is a charming sack ;

Now my Lord pay back to back !

“ We’ve no need, you find of guides ;

Open,—and lead out at fides !

“ O ! we’ve done it in a trice ;

“ Can you dance the figure twice ?

“ Ask not beauty how or why,

“ I will jig it ’till I die.

Feet unto the fiddle run,

Wilkes’s riggle’s all the fun :

On the light fantastic toe,

Trip it softly as you go !

O ! it is a heav’nly dance,

Quite the fashion too in France.

Is your Lordship out of breath ?

“ I could dance it to my death.

Pray dear Oss’—y do not wonder,

Pleas’d I am or up or under :

For

MISCELLANIES.

139

For to dance my passion such is,
I resign the name of Dutchess:
Thus continue all your life,
And I'll prove a faithful wife.
Lady Sarah with your fan,
Gently tap your fav'rite man!
Now begin, and jig it thro',
Beat my Lord, my Lady do!

THE END.



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